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ANTHOLOGY  
OF MAGAZINE VERSE

FOR 1916

BY

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

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ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
MAGAZINE VERSE

FOR 1916

AND YEAR BOOK OF  
AMERICAN POETRY

EDITED BY  
WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE



NEW YORK  
LAURENCE J. GOMME  
1916

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TO  
MRS. DANIEL McQUESTEN  
FOR THE MUSE ON LAUREL FARM





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## INTRODUCTION

Ten years ago in writing an introduction to a collection of Elizabethan poetry which I had edited, Colonel Higginson, naming some of the great figures of the period, remarked that they stood out as "memorials of an intellectual group which must have been greatly self-sustaining and by no means the outcome of any mere patronage." He went on to comment, "What it is which provides at irregular intervals of human history such rare intellectual groups, we cannot tell, and De Quincey seems hardly extravagant when he likens them to earthquake periods or equinoctial gales, things inscrutable and wondrous. . . . Even America is now old enough to look back on two marked epochs, the one represented by Cooper and Irving — writers of prose only — the other by Emerson and Longfellow. The utmost that can be done for these exceptional combinations is to study them while they flourish, and do justice to them when they have passed by."

When these words were written their author, whose life had spanned the two epochs in American letters of which he speaks, could not foresee another that was to rise during the next decade. The beginning of these annual reviews of American poetry in the columns of this paper had been



noted by the venerable author, and apart from the service such appraisement might render, he was a little amazed at my faith in the future. But I catch now at that phrase Colonel Higginson used in reference to those "rare intellectual groups," which flourish at "irregular intervals of human history," which, like "earthquake periods or equinoctial gales," are "things inscrutable and wondrous." I catch at it because there is a relation between it and history that may possibly be explained; that may account in part, and only in part, as far as we are able to understand the cause of human events. On the surface it does not remain so inscrutable as wondrous. And that relation is between these intellectual groups, which have mostly been poetic groups, and war.

The two epochs in American letters mentioned by Colonel Higginson, and represented by Cooper and Irving, and Emerson and Longfellow, were epochs that synchronized with conflict; Cooper and Irving were of the Revolution and Emerson and Longfellow of the Civil War. In the history of English literature such groups may be found to run parallel with force of conflict. The significance, however, which has brought this about, is inscrutable. Beneath the surface of the conflict, which may be a brief affair like the defeat of the Armada or a long affair like the Napoleonic wars, is a spiritual meaning, obscure, baffling, volatile, which runs in the sub-conscious channels of national life, breaking forth in the idealistic utterances of creative minds. The period that produces an Armada also produces the Elizabethan poets; a French Revolution and the Napoleonic

wars, the Post-Georgian poets; a Civil War such as our own, the New England group. There have been, of course, other wars in which the Saxon mind has touched in modern times, but they did not have the world influence of these wars; they produced a fallow period of poetry because they touched the national and not the international conscience of the world. The social mind of the most intellectual portions of the human race was not driven to decide between advocates that sought to rule through one or the other forces of tyranny or liberty.

I try to connect in some such way our present period of poetic accomplishment, I believe that inscrutably and mysteriously the forces which a generation have been preparing for the present European war, have also by an unusual combination of spiritual circumstances brought about the renaissance of poetry in both England and America. The fermentation of national affairs has always antedated the spiritual flowering. The evidence that the two are related shows in the fact that around the pivot of a war in which the conscience of the world is brought to judgment a vigorous and productive creative era prevails. The last five years in England have seen the rise of a group of poets who, in mood, form and substance, are entirely uninfluenced by their immediate predecessors. In America there has been, I think, a much longer preparation for the outburst which came two years ago. If we take Robinson, Frost, Masters, Anna Branch, Amy Lowell, and James Oppenheim to indicate the chief exponents of the more important groups, we will find

that only two out of the number had not published before 1912; but even these two, Miss Lowell and Frost, were writing and experimenting for a full decade before issuing a collection. It is significant, however, that between 1912 and the present year all these poets, with a number not named here, have gathered a body of work that has ascended with convincing proof of power on the wave of the great European war.

And this has had little or nothing to do with the establishment of poetry magazines. They were a natural development of the demand which a national mood created. That mood will not be foisted upon. It is in the long run a rational mood. It may for a time indulge in fancies, but the indulgence is really for the process of a careful selection. An examination of the past four years, for all its turmoil of debate about methods and aims, about and between the various groups, will show a change and yet a stability in the art that is unmistakable. The point of departure from conservatism may be dated from the establishment of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, the instrument of Ezra Pound's radicalism. Mr. Masters was promoted by the discernment of William Marion Reedy, and Mr. Frost, whatever his experiences in England, we owe largely to the discernment of a reader in the hills of Vermont who happened to belong to a family of publishers. What I want to make clear is that the change from

conservatism was very largely individual in the poet; and such poets as Frost, Masters, Amy Lowell, James Oppenheim, and others who have with different methods brought their art into the

channels of a great tradition, have stabilized, with those who have not experimented in form, the whole movement of this period.

At the beginning of the present year one could define four separate groups of poets. The fixed and firm traditionalists, the social-revolutionists, the Imagists, and the Radicals of the *Others*, *A Magazine of the New Verse* group, who regard Ezra Pound as their idol and master. Much has happened during the year, subtle and persistently, to clear the befogged atmosphere of our poetic progress. The last-named group has produced, in my opinion, one poet, Mr. Alfred Kreymborg, who fathered the cradle of Mr. Pound's brood. In every case of radical experiment the real poet has survived. Out of Imagism Miss Lowell rises as the one American exponent who must be reckoned with in this era of poetic accomplishment; neither is there any doubt about Masters, who also has violated the regular modes of verse; the same must be said of Frost, whose conception of blank verse is evolutionary; and Oppenheim's polyrhythmic verse is an adequate medium for his substance. On the other hand Mr. Sandburg, a much-heralded innovator, has not lived up to prophecy; the radical influence of *Poetry* itself has waned, the collected poems of Pound has so little interest for the American public that they find it difficult to obtain an American publisher, and the magazine *Others*, largely supported by his disciples, has, I understand, ceased publication.

With the balance that has been struck with the elimination of a great deal that sounded false, and which was very much in evidence a year ago, Amer-

ican poetry bids fair to progress with fewer distractions. In spite of the above facts, it must be admitted that the art is not the same as it was a few years ago. It has changed, changed both in substance and form. It is not nearly so conservative. The influence of the innovators has been felt. Strength, independence, and more daring execution have resulted from contact with the new forces. Though I do not always sympathize with the propagandist sentiment of the poets who write on the social note, they have nevertheless infused a vigorous and passionate quality into verse. The Imagists have also added a strain of virility and a dramatic mood which has stiffened the rhythm and decorated the symbols of the art.

I have found in my examination of the magazines for the past year that a freer movement has taken place all through our poetry. There is less of the strict conventional regularity, which does not mean that the traditional patterns of verse have been abandoned, but that the poets are using rhythm with more flexibility. Such poems as "Miracles" and "Evensong," by Conrad Aiken, "The Barber Shop," by Mary Aldis, "The Horse Thief," by William Rose Benét, "In the Home Stretch" and "The Hill Wife," by Robert Frost, "Cross Patch," by Horace Holley, "Idealists" and "Earth Wisdom," by Alfred Kreymborg, "Saint John of Nepomuc," by Ruth Comfort Mitchell, "Moods," by David O'Neil, "Kan-il-Lak the Singer," by Constance Lindsay Skinner, and "Clothes," by Jean Starr Untermeyer, are among the best of the year, and are so because the flexibility of form gives scope to substance.

On the other hand, there have been many beautiful poems in which the poets adhere strictly to regular patterns. To appreciate poetry one must be able to recognize the immortal virtues which give to art its significance. The sapphics of Josephine Preston Peabody's "Harvest-Moon, 1916," the lovely regularity of Victor Starbuck's "Night for Adventures," and "The Inn of the Five Chimneys," by Clinton Scollard, the classic richness and elaborate rhythm of "We Who Were Lovers of Life" and other choruses from "The Story of Eleusis," by Louis V. Ledoux; the splendid sonnets, "The City" and "Riverside," by Brian Hooker; those finely polished lyrics of Witter Bynner's, "To No One in Particular," and "A Thrush in the Moonlight"; Amelia Josephine Burr's touching memorial, "The Poppies"; Karle Wilson Baker's "Good Company" and "At the Picture Show"; Stephen Vincent Benét's excellent ballads, "The Hemp," and Scudder Middleton's very striking rendering of "The Clerk." The whole average of the magazine poetry of the year is higher. There are fewer contrasts in accomplishments. The subjects and treatment are so varied that one cannot so easily as in former years differentiate the achievements.

While not quite the same in regard to the published volumes of the year, there are, nevertheless, no sensational successes to be recorded as during 1915. The excitement of finding first-rate poetry produced by American poets in our day has, perhaps, somewhat subsided with the public; and they are taking their gifts more soberly and solidly. Such volumes of the year as here men-

tioned are permanent additions to the art, volumes, I mean, that will have readers and admirers for a long time to come — as Robinson's "Man Against the Sky," Olive Tilford Dargan's "The Cycle's Rim," Masters' "Songs and Satires," and "The Great Valley," "War and Laughter," by James Oppenheim, Aiken's "Turns and Movies," and "The Jig of Forslin," Amelia Josephine Burr's "Life and Living," Fletcher's "Goblins and Pagodas," "Some Imagist Poets, 1916: An Anthology"; Hagedorn's "The Great Maze," Ledoux's "The Story of Eleusis," Amy Lowell's "Men, Women and Ghosts," Ruth Comfort Mitchell's "The Night Court and Other Poems," Neihardt's "The Quest," Adelaide Crapsey's "Verse," a distinguished little volume; Jeffers's "Californians," a volume by a new poet that has a distinctive value; "The Testament of William Windune," which seems to me extremely fine and unusual in treatment, by J. H. Wallis; "Sea and Bay," by Charles Wharton Stork, and "Jordan Farms," by Frederick S. Pierce, homespun idyls with quiet and appealing loveliness.

W. S. B.

Nativity, November 6, 1916

A. J. B. = T. S. J., Jr.

Cambridge, Massachusetts

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the American poets, to the editors and proprietors of the magazines from whose pages are selected the poems included in the "Anthology," and to the publishers for granting permissions to use poems which have already, or shortly are, to be included in volumes by the respective poets, I wish to offer my hearty thanks for their courteous and willing cooperation.

I wish also to thank The Boston Transcript Co. for permission to use material which appeared in my annual review of American poetry in the columns of *The Evening Transcript*.

To the following publishers I am indebted for the privilege of using selections which were copyrighted by them since appearing in the magazines and before the publication of this "Anthology":

The Macmillan Co.: "The Unforgiven," "Nimmo's Eyes," in *The Man Against the Sky*, *A Book of Poems*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson; "We Who Were Lovers of Life," "Mater Dolorosa," and "Song of the Daughters of Celeus," in *The Story of Eleusis*, by Louis V. Ledoux; "Malmaison," "Battledore and Shuttlecock," and "1777," in *Men, Women and Ghosts*, by Amy Lowell; "The Star," and "Simon Surnamed Peter," in *Songs and Satires*, by Edgar Lee Masters.

Houghton Mifflin Co.: "Harvest-Moon: 1916," and "A Dog," in *Harvest Moon*, by Jose-



phine Preston Peabody; "Evensong," in *Turns and Movies*, by Conrad Aiken.

Henry Holt and Co.: "In the Home Stretch," "The Impulse," and "The Oft-Repeated Dream," in *Mountain Interval*, by Robert Frost.

The Century Co.: "The Red Month," and "Daughter," in *War and Laughter*, by James Oppenheim; "Saint John of Nepomuc," and "Revelation," in *The Night Court and Other Verse*, by Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

George H. Doran Co.: "The Poppies," "Nocturne," and "End and Beginning," in *Life and Living*, by Amelia Josephine Burr.

Mitchell Kennerley: "Cross Patch," and "The Orchard," in *Divinations and Creation*, by Horace Holley.

The Manas Press: "Dirge," "Triad," "Moon-shadows," "Susanna and the Elders," "Night Winds," "Amaze," "The Warning," and "Song," in *Verse*, by Adelaide Crapsey.

Edmund D. Brooks: "At the Old Ladies' Home," in *A Lark Went Singing*, by Ruth Guthrie Harding.

E. P. Dutton and Co.: "To Sigurd," in *Fairy Gold*, by Katharine Lee Bates.

Duffield and Co.: "The Sisters," in *Flashlights*, by Mary Aldis.

Laurence J. Gomme: "Forgiveness," in *The Dead Musician and Other Poems*, by Charles L. O'Donnell.

The Four Seas Co.: "Miracles," in *The Jig of Forslin*, by Conrad Aiken.

Richard G. Badger: "The Weaver," in *Law and Love*, by E. J. V. Huiginn.

## **ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS**



## THE STAR

I am a certain god  
Who slipped down from a remote height  
To a place of pools and stars.  
And I sat invisible  
Amid a clump of trees  
To watch the mad men.

There were cries and groans about me,  
And shouts of laughter and curses.  
Figures passed by with self-absorbed contempt  
Wrinkling in bitter smiles about their lips.  
Others hurried on with set eyes  
Pursuing something.  
Then I said this is the place for mad Frederick —  
Mad Frederick will be here.

But everywhere I could see  
Figures sitting or standing  
By little pools.  
Some seemed grown into the soil  
And were helpless.  
And of these some were asleep.  
Others laughed the laughter  
That comes from dying men  
Trying to face Death.  
And others said "I should be content."  
And others said "I will fly."  
Whereupon sepulchral voices muttered,  
As of creatures sitting or hanging head down  
From limbs of the trees,  
"We will not let you."  
And others looked in their pools  
And clasped hands and said "Gone — all gone."  
By other pools there were dead bodies,

Some of youth, some of age.  
They had given up the fight,  
They had drunk poisoned water,  
They had searched  
Until they fell —  
All had gone mad.

Then I, a certain god,  
Curious to know  
What it is in pools and stars  
That drives men and women  
Over the earth in this quest,  
Waited for mad Frederick  
And then I heard his step.

I knew that long ago  
He sat by one of these pools  
Enraptured of a star's image  
And that hands, for his own good,  
As they said,  
Dumped clay into the pool  
And blotted his star.  
And I knew that after that  
He had said: "They will never spy again  
Upon my ecstasy.  
They will never see me watching one star.  
I will fly by rivers  
And by little brooks  
And by the edge of lakes  
And by little bends of water  
Where no wind blows,  
And glance at stars as I pass —  
They will never spy again  
Upon my ecstasy."

And I knew that mad Frederick  
In this flight  
Through years of restlessness and madness  
Was caught by the image of a star  
In a mere beyond a meadow,  
Down from a hill, under a forest,  
And had said:  
"No one sees;  
Here I can find life  
Through vision of eternal things!"  
But they had followed him.  
They stood on the brow of the hill,  
And when they saw him gazing in the water  
They rolled a great stone down the hill,  
And shattered the star's image.  
Then mad Frederick fled with laughter.  
It echoed through the wood.  
And he said, "I will look for moons.  
I will punish them who disturb me,  
By worshipping moons."  
But when he sought moons  
They left him alone.  
And he did not want the moons.  
And he was alone, and sick from the moons,  
And covered as with a white blankness,  
Which was the worst madness of all.

And I, a certain god,  
Waiting for mad Frederick  
To enter this place of pools and stars,  
Saw him at last.  
With a sigh he looked about upon his fellows  
Sitting or standing by their pools.  
And some of the pools were covered with scum  
And some were glazed as of filth  
And some were grown with weeds

And some were congealed as of the north wind  
And a few were yet pure  
And held the star's image.  
And by these some sat and were glad.  
Others had lost the vision:  
The star was there, but its meaning vanished.  
And mad Frederick going here and there  
With no purpose  
Only curious and interested  
As I was, a certain god,  
Came by a certain pool  
And saw a star.

He shivered.  
He clasped his hands.  
He sank to his knees.  
He touched his lips to the water!

Then voices from the limbs of the trees muttered:  
"There he is again."  
"He must be driven away."  
"The pool is not his."  
"He does not belong here."  
So as when bats fly in a cave  
They swooped from their hidings in the trees  
And dashed themselves in the pool.  
Then I saw what these flying things were.  
But no matter;  
They were thoughts evil and envious  
And selfish and dull,  
But with power to destroy.  
And mad Frederick turned away from the pool  
And covered his eyes with his arms.  
Then a certain god  
Of less power than mine  
Came and sat beside me and said:

"Why do you allow this to be?  
They are all seeking,  
Why do you not let them find their heart's delight?  
Why do you allow this to be?"  
But I did not answer.  
The lesser god did not know  
That I have no power,  
That only the God has the power  
And that this must be  
In spite of all lesser gods.

And I saw mad Frederick  
Arise and ascend to the top of a high hill.  
And I saw him find the star  
Whose image he had seen in the pool.  
Then he knelt and prayed:  
"Give me to understand, O star,  
Your inner self, your eternal spirit,  
That I may have you and not images of you,  
So that I may know what has driven me through the  
world,  
And may cure my soul.  
For I know you are Eternal Love  
And I can never escape you.  
And if I cannot escape you  
Then I must serve you.  
And if I must serve you  
It must be to good and not ill —  
You have brought me from the forest of pools  
And the images of stars,  
Here to the hill's top.  
Where now do I go?  
And what shall I do?"

*Reedy's Mirror*

*Edgar Lee Masters*



## LEAVES FROM THE ANTHOLOGY

The old book's magic seized me as I read;  
I heard the waves sigh on the Syrian shore,  
And on dark Heliodora's perfumed head  
The myrtles bloomed once more,

As when, in Gadara, young life was sweet  
To her the while she watched the shadows play  
Along the marble floor, and at her feet  
Young Meleager lay.

I heard his voice in soft hexameters,  
Alternate fire and honey, fall and rise;  
In limpid Doric spoke his love, and hers  
Shone in her swimming eyes.

I saw the laughing lilies that he wreathed  
With hyacinth to crown her kneeling there.  
Oh, what intoxicating incense breathed  
Her dusky, flower-wound hair!

"The flowers will fade," he whispered, "sere and  
brown,  
Their petals drooping ere the day be done,  
Yet wilt thou still, thy garland's lovelier crown,  
Shine like the morning sun."

Again I hear the same soft voice outpour  
Its anguish for the light of life now fled,  
And see him heap the bier of Heliodore  
With roses white and red.

Thyrsis I see at ease beneath the pine,  
His dark head pillowed on his arms, asleep,  
And yet the lad's herds stray not, and his kine  
Another lad doth keep.

Sleep, Thyrsis, sleep, within thy shady nook,  
Leaving thy goats to nibble 'mongst the rocks;  
A skilfuller than thou wields now thy crook,  
For Eros guards thy flocks.

I see the young girls, as in garments white  
Along the mountain-side in spring they ran  
To greet the wood-nymphs at their morning rite  
Within the cave of Pan.

It lies 'neath Corycus' sun-haunted hill;  
Old Goat-foot loves it; there the wild vine grows  
So thick it hides the entrance and the rill  
That from the grotto flows.

There the midsummer honey-makers hum  
Above the heather and the thyme, knee-deep,  
Even through the noon, when all things else are dumb  
Lest they disturb *his* sleep —

His, the luck-bringing Hermes' goat-shanked child,  
Great Pan, who daily, when his pipes' shrill tune  
No more delights him, seeks a summit wild,  
And there sleeps all the noon.

Then fiercest burns the sun, the patient flocks  
Crouch 'neath the tamarisk; scarce the lizard creeps  
Along the wall. Above, on the sun-baked rocks,  
Outstretched, the Arcadian sleeps.

And while his pipes lie silent by his side,  
Brown summer for a moment holds her breath,  
The breezes droop, the dry-flies hush, the tide  
Scarce laps the cliff beneath.

Often, men say, some shepherd on the hills,  
Hearing a sudden, wild, unearthly cry

Ring from the mountains, that his heart's blood chills,  
Knows he has come too nigh

The weird, far spot no mortal foot has trod,  
And flees, nor dares once backward turn his eyes:  
Behind him roars the goat-laugh of the god,  
And mocks him as he flies.

*The Century*

*Lewis Parke Chamberlayne*

### A GRACE BEFORE READING

Myriad-leaved as an elm;  
Starred with shining word and phrase;  
Wondrous words that overwhelm,  
Phrases vivid, swift, divine;  
Gracious turn of verse and line —  
O God, all praise  
For a book; its tears, its wit,  
Its faults, and the perfect joy of it!

Oh, to dip  
Headlong in! Cleaving down  
Through lucent depths of verb and noun  
To the rare thought that lies  
Embedded; and arise  
Pearl-laden toward the skies,  
Blowing bright foam of adjectives about one's lip!

*Sappho — burning heart of her;  
Sweet Saint Francis, star-besprent;  
Young Kit Marlowe, sped and spent;  
Montaigne, royal gossip;  
Brave Munchausen, dauntless liar;  
Lamb's dear whimsey; Shelley's flight;  
Hot Catullus all afire;  
Shakespeare, chiefest heart's delight!*

O God, all praise!  
That in brief, swift days  
Thou mad'st the world's green gardens, and forsook  
Thy labor, leaving man and time to make the book!

*The Outlook*

*Helen Coale Crew*

## READING HORACE

Oh, were we good when we are wise! —  
Or, haply, wise when we are good!  
But, fool or sage, same comfort lies  
In knowing Horace understood  
Our follies in their olden guise!

Of all the full Augustan choir  
Our one contemporary bard,  
Who strikes upon a silver lyre,  
Where not a note is harsh or hard,  
The human chords that never tire.

Live how he may, whene'er he sings  
A poet is a democrat;  
Down two millenniums there rings  
The song of Leisure's Laureate  
In praise of all the simple things.

What deep contentment broods above  
That refuge in the Sabine Hills  
From all that Rome was fashioned of —  
Strife, envy, the luxurious ills  
Men, town-imprisoned, learn to love.

Though oft he dwells on death, 'tis e'er  
With swift recoil to life. Joy, joy

Is all his goal! Though reefed sails dare  
The dreaded seas to Tyre or Troy,  
His placid song is foe to care.

Poor hater was he, save of greed  
And gluttons and the vulgar mind —  
(Thou votary of thy surer creed,  
Ask heaven if thou be more kind  
Than was that heart of pagan breed!)

Vowed to the laurel from the day  
The doves descried his lids supine  
And hid his limbs in leafy play;  
A nursling of the dancing vine,  
His verse was vintage gold and gay.

Give me the glowing heart, or none —  
Not friendship's altar but its fire.  
In his red veins how life did run!  
Had ever poet wiser sire?  
Had ever sire tenderer son? —

He, humble, candid, sane and free,  
Whom e'en Mæcenæ could not spoil;  
Who wooed his fields with minstrelsy  
As rich as wine, as smooth as oil,  
And kept a kiss for Lalagé.

Ah, dear to me one night supreme —  
A voice he would have joyed to hear,  
Its music married to his theme —  
When two new-mated minds drew near  
And mingled in his lilting stream.

Oh, lover of sweet-sounding words,  
That in thy tones but glow and soar,

Come! . . . Horace with his flocks and herds  
Waits thy revealing voice. Once more  
Bring back to me the brooks and birds!

*Harper's Weekly (The Independent)*  
*Robert Underwood Johnson*

## A THRUSH IN THE MOONLIGHT

In came the moon and covered me with wonder,  
Touched me and was near me, and made me very  
still.

In came a rush of song, raining as from thunder,  
Pouring importunate on my window-sill.  
I lowered my head, I hid my head, I would not see  
nor hear —

The bird-song had stricken me, had brought the moon  
too near.

But when I dared to lift my head, night began to fill  
With singing in the darkness. And then the thrush  
grew still.

And the moon came in, and silence, on my window-  
sill.

*Poetry: A Magazine of Verse    Witter Bynner*

## ARS DURA

How many evenings, walking soberly  
Along our street all dappled with rich sun,  
I please myself with words, and happily  
Time rhymes to footfalls, planning how they run:  
And yet, when midnight comes, and paper lies  
Clean, white, receptive, all that one can ask,  
Alas for drowsy spirit, weary eyes  
And traitor hand that fails the well-loved task!

Who ever learned the sonnet's bitter craft  
But he had put away his sleep, his ease,  
The wine he loved, the men with whom he laughed,  
To brood upon such thankless tricks as these?  
And yet, such joy does in that craft abide  
He greets the paper as the groom the bride!

*Boston Transcript*

*Christopher Morley*

## MUSIC

*The ancient songs  
Pass deathward mournfully.*

*R. A.*

The old songs  
Die.  
Yes, the old songs die.  
Cold lips that sang them,  
Cold lips that sang them —  
The old songs die,  
And the lips that sang them  
Are only a pinch of dust.

I saw in Pamplona  
In a musty museum —  
I saw in Pamplona  
In a buff-colored museum —  
I saw in Pamplona  
A memorial  
Of the dead violinist;  
I saw in Pamplona  
A memorial  
Of Pablo Sarasate.

Dust was inch-deep on the cases,  
Dust on the stick-pins and satins,

Dust on the badges and orders,  
On the wreath from the oak of Guernica!

The old songs  
Die —  
And the lips that sang them.  
Wreaths, withered and dusty,  
Cuff-buttons with royal insignia,  
These, in a musty museum,  
Are all that is left of Sarasate.

*Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*  
*Alice Corbin Henderson*

### A LITTLE PAGE'S SONG

*(15th Century)*

God's lark at morning I would be!  
I'd set my heart within a tree  
Close to His bed and sing to Him  
Right merrily  
A sunrise hymn.

At night I'd be God's troubadour!  
Beneath His starry walls I'd pour  
Across the moat such roundelays  
He'd love me sure —  
And maybe praise!

*Contemporary Verse*     *William Alexander Percy*

### GOOD COMPANY

To-day I have grown taller from walking with the  
trees,  
The seven sister-poplars who go softly in a line;



And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with  
a star  
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the  
pine.

The call-note of a redbird from the cedars in the  
dusk  
Woke his happy mate within me to an answer free  
and fine;  
And a sudden angel beckoned from a column of blue  
smoke —  
*Lord, who am I that they should stoop — these holy  
folk of thine?*

*The Poetry Review of America*

*Karle Wilson Baker*

## IDEALISTS

Brother Tree:  
Why do you reach and reach?  
Do you dream some day to touch the sky?  
Brother Stream:  
Why do you run and run?  
Do you dream some day to fill the sea?  
Brother Bird:  
Why do you sing and sing?  
Do you dream —

*Young Man:*

*Why do you talk and talk and talk?*

*The New Republic*

*Alfred Kreymborg*

## MAGIC

I ran into the sunset light  
As hard as I could run:

The treetops bowed in sheer delight  
As if they loved the sun:  
And all the songs of little birds  
Who laughed and cried in silver words  
Were joined as they were one.

And down the streaming golden sky  
A lark came circling with a cry  
Of wonder-weaving joy:  
And all the arch of heaven rang  
Where meadowlands of dreaming hang  
As when I was a boy.

And through the ringing solitude  
In pulsing lovely amplitude  
A mist hung in a shroud,  
As though the light of loneliness  
Turned pure delight to holiness,  
And bathed it in a cloud.

I stripped my laughing body bare  
And plunged into that holy air  
That washed me like a sea,  
And raced against its silver tide  
That stroked my eager glancing side  
And made my spirit free.

Across the limits of the land  
The wind and I swept hand in hand  
Beyond the golden glow.  
We danced across the ocean plain  
Like thrushes singing in the rain  
A song of long ago.

And on into the silver night  
We strove to win the race with light

And bring the vision home,  
And bring the wonder home again  
Unto the sleeping eyes of men  
Across the singing foam.

And down the river of the world  
Our glowing limbs in glory swirled  
As spring within a flower,  
And stars in music of delight  
Streamed gaily down our shoulders white  
Like petals in a shower.

And tears of awful wonder ran  
Adown my cheeks to hear the clan  
Of beauty chaunting white  
The prayer too deep for living word,  
Or sight of man, or winging bird,  
Or music over forest heard  
At falling of the night.

And dropping slowly as the dew  
On grasses that the winds renew  
In urge of flooding fire,  
And softly as the hushing boughs  
The gentle airs of dawn arouse  
To cradle morning's quire,

The murmur of the singing leaves  
Around the secret Flame,  
Like mating swallows 'neath the eaves  
In rustling silence came,  
And flowing through the silent air  
Creation fluttered in a prayer  
Descending on a spiral stair,  
And calling me by name.

It nestled in my dreaming eyes  
Like heaven in a lake,  
And softened hope into surprise  
For very beauty's sake,  
And silence blossomed into morn,  
Whose fragrant rosy-breasted dawn  
Could scarcely bear to break.

I sang into the morning light  
As loud as I could sing,  
The treetops bowed in sheer delight  
Before a slanting wing,  
And all the songs of little birds  
Who laughed and cried in silver words  
Adored the Risen Spring.

*The Trimmed Lamp*

*Edward J. O'Brien*

## SPRING

At the first hour, it was as if one said, "Arise."  
At the second hour, it was as if one said, "Go forth."  
And the winter constellations that are like patient  
ox-eyes  
Sank below the white horizon at the north.

At the third hour, it was as if one said, "I thirst;"  
At the fourth hour, all the earth was still:  
Then the clouds suddenly swung over, stooped, and  
burst;  
And the rain flooded valley, plain and hill.

At the fifth hour, darkness took the throne;  
At the sixth hour, the earth shook and the wind cried;  
At the seventh hour, the hidden seed was sown,  
At the eighth hour, it gave up the ghost and died.

At the ninth hour, they sealed up the tomb;  
And the earth was then silent for the space of three  
hours.

But at the twelfth hour, a single lily from the gloom  
Shot forth, and was followed by a whole host of  
flowers.

*The Poetry Review of America*

*John Gould Fletcher*

## ORCHARD

I stood within an orchard during rain  
Uncovering to the drops my aching brow:  
O joyous fancy, to imagine now  
I slip, with trees and clouds, the social chain,  
Alone with nature, naught to lose or gain  
Nor even to become; no, just to be  
A moment's personal essence, wholly free  
From needs that mold the heart to forms of pain.  
Arise, I cried, and celebrate the hour!  
Acclaim serener gladness; if it fail,  
New courage, nobler vision, will survive  
That I have known my kinship to the flower,  
My brotherhood with rain, and in this vale  
Have been a moment's friend to all alive.

*The Forum*

*Horace Holley*

## THE HILLS

Through the twilight faint winds will ever waken  
Ghostly trees adream in the frosty silence,  
And the last red streaks of the winter sunset  
Fade into ashes.

White above the lake and the leafless willows,  
Cold and silver starglow, the full moon risen;  
White the air will grow with a fleece of snowflakes  
Silently falling.

This pale dream of lonely and haunted beauty  
Evermore will come in the dusk of winter  
From the hills of youth, as a ghost unbidden  
Out of the twilight.

*The Poetry Journal*

*Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*

### THE GOLDEN PLOVER

A song for you, golden plover:  
Not the song of a lover  
Who dreams of a blush,  
Nor the song for a thrush  
Whose music is tremulous, sweet;  
But a song for a heart that dares tempest or hush,  
A measure for wings that are fleet.

Fleet . . . fleet . . . fleet . . . !  
Who but the winds can trace you, chase you?  
Flutter of lightning, you southward sweep,  
To the wonder of thunder you overleap.  
Faster . . . faster . . . faster . . . !  
Who but the winds can face you, pace you?  
Fearless of foaming and booming and crash;  
Scorner of breeze, adorer of zephyr;  
Come . . . gone . . . in a flash!  
Speedier . . . speedier . . . speedier . . . !  
Who but the winds can overtake you?  
Who but a gale can check and shake you?  
Who but a hurricane can make you

Drop to the earth whose worth shall wake you  
From your frenzied trance of flight?

Like a volley of shot your flocks alight,  
Scattering gracefully over the sedge,  
Palled in spume from the cauldron's edge.  
Surer than furrow's is breaker's pledge:  
Whom the welter of sea and sky invite,  
On the lands of man show sudden fright.

A song for you, golden plover:  
Not the song for a lover  
Who dreams of a flush  
Of delicate plumes that gleam as they hover  
Over a flower they make less fair;  
But a song of wings whose miraculous rush  
Is a measure atune with the air.

Warriors, not courtiers you,  
Your courting season through,—  
Dotterel darts, defeathered sober,  
Mellowed with yellow by brisk October,  
Who, from his Nova Scotian post,  
Hurls you over the swirled Atlantic—  
Hurls you, pipers corybantic—  
Straight for the Venezuelan coast:  
Two thousand miles! Two thousand miles!  
While the gods of Air crowd heaven's aisles,  
With loud-fleered taunts for the vaunting boast  
That man is peer of their wing-born host.

"Aie! . . . Aie! . . . Aie! . . ."  
Moans the rancorous Sheol of winds.  
Out of the ooze of the sulphurous Gulf  
Springs into fury the Mocker of Masts,  
Snarls through the Caribs and harries with blasts:

Shrieking seeks you, sprites from the North;  
Ruffles and buffets you, grapples to check you;  
With maniac might would baffle and wreck you  
But for the froth of sabre-reefed isles  
Which, faint through the smoke of desolate miles,  
Whispers, encourages, beckons you forth,  
Calls you to fall from the maelstrom of wiles:  
"Oh-èh! . . . Oh-èh! . . . Oh-èh! . . .  
Safety we promise and shelter and rest  
From the howling Fiend of the foul Southwest!"  
Out of the fray of reeking grey  
Whines the cheated Harpy of winds:  
"Aie! . . . Aie! . . . Aie! . . ."

On the shoulder of Night expires her rage;  
So melts to calm the ocean's wrath:  
Day blooms like a rose on a beryl path  
In the Garden of Peace of the Golden Age.

Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee!  
Joy but no peace for you, golden plover:  
Only in June may you play the lover,  
Satined in wooing black and gold.  
Till then the leagues that you will cover,—  
The lands beneath your wings unrolled —  
Are all the leagues of land that stretch  
North and south of the western Line.  
Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee!  
From Labrador of the fog-wreathed pine,  
Down through Bermuda's salt-stained vetch;  
Over the Amazon's maze of vine,  
Into the pampas of Argentine:  
Above the earth, across the sea,  
You follow the summer's ascendant sign,  
You shun all scenes by the sun bereft.  
Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee!



Spring of the north is astir, golden plover!  
Up and a-wing to its glad decree!  
Back, with a ridge of the world to your left,  
You mottle the length of a continent's chine  
To weave through Alaska's tundra-weft  
The gold of your yearly jubilee:  
There joy and peace to love combine!  
Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee! Wee-o-wee!

Coodle! . . . Coodle! . . . Hist!  
Your golden rest is over:  
Off with your splendor! Away, away! .  
On with the coat of the rover!  
Dip it and dye it in eastern mist!  
Plunge again over the dun Atlantic,  
Blaze again southward your cycle frantic!  
Away with you, loiterers, darts of October,  
Shafts that are swift as the light but more sober,  
Wraiths of the sea's or the sky's autumn grey!  
Away from the love of the north that elates you!  
Off to the feast of the south that awaits you!  
Flutter and rise with the joy that translates you  
To sprites of the air from creatures of clay!  
Onward, onward, spirits of fleetness! . . .  
Faster . . . faster! . . . speedier . . . speedier!—  
Gone! Vanished! Lost like the sweetness  
Of dawn in the ripening power of day!

*Poet-Lore*

*Richard Butler Glaenser*

## THE RED MONTH

### I

Golden morning!  
Hello! hello!  
Echoes of song—the meadow-lark twittering,  
Spill of the swallow.

II

Dance on the slopes of bright dew, and come singing,  
Beloved girl!  
On the grass red with apples come dancing, come  
running!  
Hark, how the thrush sings!  
Mark, how the wind leaps!  
Morning is here,  
Bold morning is here.

III

Come across the grasses!  
Come swift across the grasses!  
Quicker! quicker! Leap with your hands up!  
Dance with knees up,  
Gold hair flying,  
White teeth bare!

IV

For we shall go laughing straight through the orchard,  
and scatter  
Dew lit with sun,  
And we shall go romping beneath green boughs low  
with apples  
And over the stone wall,  
Scrambling through briers,  
Race in the woods — the wind-loud woods,  
The woods with the dead leaves flying.

V

Your cheeks, beloved, are fresher than pansies to the  
touch,  
Dewy pansies.  
Pluck handfuls of wild grapes;

And here 's a grape for you,  
And here 's a grape for me,  
Tart, sharp, to crush against the palate,  
Staining red lips blue.

VI

The thrush — is he up?  
The mole — peers he forth?  
Is the young dog running in the scent of the squirrel?  
Who has washed the heavens blue,  
And set the sun there?  
Oh, make a cup of your hands, and in the clearing  
Catch cups of sunshine, loveliest, for me!

VII

And come now in coolness where the thin spring  
tinkles,  
And the brown wren dips her wings.  
O my beautiful!  
Come now and gathered be all in an armful,  
Under leafy oak-boughs, here where the wasps sing,  
O my beautiful!

*Kiss my lips, and let me know*  
That the ripe month, the red month,  
September the glorious,  
Has tapped the gold-wine of the sun  
And sluiced it into our hearts,  
And piped it into our hearts, darling,  
So happy, happy are we!

VIII

And, hark! the warbler!  
He whistles! whistles!  
This kiss, and *this* kiss!

Golden morning!  
Hello! hello!

*The Century Magazine*

*James Oppenheim*

## THROUGH THE BEARDED BARLEY

Through the bearded barley where summer winds  
were blowing;  
Full knee-deep in clover, breast-high in the wheat;  
Laughing at Jack-rabbits that scuttled by their feet  
Where the scarlet poppies made so brave a showing:  
Under shady willows, by a broad stream flowing,  
Home of trout and grayling rising after flies;  
Looking towards the moorland where the sunlight  
dies,  
Dies, but in the flushed-clouds lingers in its going.  
Words came very seldom, though their hearts were  
beating  
To the ancient love-song Nature sings so well;  
Shoulder close to shoulder, heedless of the fleeting  
Of the magic moments born of twilight's spell:  
On they walked together, while the rooks were wheel-  
ing.  
And the elm-tree's shadow ever farther stealing.

*Contemporary Verse*

*O. R. Howard Thomson*

## THE LITTLE FARM

Tired, I went away from town  
And wandered in the woods. . . .  
"Why not lay it wholly down —  
That weight of doubtful goods?"

Then, rested, I was discontent,  
Craved the compelling hours —  
And took again on shoulders bent  
The walls and roofs and towers.

But here is a man who measures his toil  
In Grenstone, then his rest:  
A little farm in his native soil  
And bright dawn in his breast.

*The New Republic*

*Witter Bynner*

## JUNE

Yon dragonfly is friends with me  
And by my dingle goes  
The solemn, priestly bumble-bee,  
That marries rose to rose.

My book? In sooth I'm using it  
To pillow up my head:  
This day-lay is a brighter bit  
Than any I have read.

My pipe and I are company.  
(The cat-bird thinks it queer  
That I should burn so carelessly —  
Note now his call and leer.)

All morning-time, from dawn till noon,  
I fished and mused and fished;  
One wee-est bite had I for boon:  
'Twas all the boon I wished.

I roam in eye-reach many a mile,  
In fancy further roam;

The hours like fairy smiles beguile  
My heart to my heart's home.

Yon veery is great friends with me,  
And by my hollow goes  
The grumbling, mumbling bumble-bee,  
That weds red rose to rose.

*The Bellman* . *John Russell McCarthy*

### EARTH WISDOM

Said the earth:  
I love you, flower.  
Go up and see the sun.  
And feel the rain—it's soft.  
Winds will play with you,  
merry winds.  
*But see that great blue —*  
*I like that round blue —*  
*I want that high blue —*

Said the earth:  
I love you, flower.  
It is late.  
Come back to me.  
*I don't want to —*  
*I wont —*  
*I want the moon —*  
*I want —*

You've been playing too long, flower.  
That isn't good for you.

Nor fair to the morrow.  
Come,  
said the earth.

*Others: A Magazine of the New Verse*  
*Alfred Kreymborg*

## THE ETERNAL PLAY

Third act of the eternal play!  
In poster-like emblazonries,  
"Autumn once more begins to-day"—  
'Tis written all across the trees  
In yellow letters like Chinese.

How many hundred centuries  
Hath run this play, with ne'er a pause!  
That which this living audience sees  
Thrilled all the dead to wild applause—  
And yet the strange old drama draws.

Not all alike adjudge the play:  
Some laugh, some weep, and some there be  
Deem the old classic's had its day,  
And some scarce any of it see,  
Nodding in witless apathy.

And others more than all the rest  
One act out of the four prefer—  
Spring, in her wind-flower draperies drest,  
Or Summer, with her bosom bare;  
Winter than these some deem more fair.

Some, mayhap melancholic, deem  
Autumn the meaning of the play—

The smile that says, "'Twas all a dream!"  
The sigh that says, "I can but stay  
A little while, and then away;"

The rustling robe of joy that ends,  
The moon-cold kiss upon the brow,  
The fading sail of sea-spiced friends,  
The love that is another's now,  
The voice that mourns, "Ah! where art thou?"

For all her purple and her gold,  
Autumn hath such a tale to tell —  
The tale that tells us all is told;  
Yea! but she tells it wondrous well,  
Weaving strange hope into her spell:

The hope that, when we sit no more  
At this old play, and needs must go  
Through yonder shrouded exit door,  
The mystic impresario  
Hath still for us a stranger show.

*Harper's Magazine*

*Richard Le Gallienne*

### TO NO ONE IN PARTICULAR

Locate your love, you lose your love,  
Find her, you look away;  
Now mine I never quite discern,  
But trace her every day.

She has a thousand presences,  
As surely seen and heard  
As birds that hide behind a leaf  
Or leaves that hide a bird.



Single your love, you lose your love,  
You cloak her face with clay;  
Now mine I never quite discern —  
And never look away.

*Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*    *Witter Bynner*

## EARTH-BORN

No lapidary's heaven, no brazier's hell for me,  
For I am made of dust and dew and stream and  
plant and tree:

I'm close akin to boulders, I am cousin to the mud,  
And all the winds of all the sky make music in my  
blood.

I want a brook and pine trees; I want a storm to  
blow

Loud-lunged across the looming hills, with driven  
sleet and snow.

Don't put me off with diadems and thrones of chry-  
soprase;

I want the winds of northern nights and wild March  
days.

My blood runs red with sunset, my body is white with  
rain,

And on my heart auroral skies have set their scarlet  
stain,

My thoughts are green with springtime, and in the  
meadow-rue

I think my very soul is growing green and gold and  
blue.

What will be left, I wonder, when death has washed  
me clean

Of dust and dew and sundown and April's virgin  
green?  
If there's enough to make a ghost, I'll bring it back  
again  
To the little lovely earth that bore me, body, soul,  
and brain.

*Smart Set*

*Odell Shepard*

## OUT O' THE STARS

Out o' the stars an' out o' the wind an' out o' the  
sea stole I,  
An' I was a creature o' vagrancy that romped in the  
field o' the sky,  
An' I was a creature that crazily found sport in the  
mad moon-shine,  
An' I was a guest o' the sad, pale mist to loan her  
some joys o' mine.  
I was filled with the breath that the night's heart  
breathed in the new-born soul of me —  
That first strange thirst she quenched with a draught  
of the wine of pure extacy.  
An' I was a fellow of gay star-shine, had kin in  
the daffodil,  
As I ran to the place where the dawn slips in for my  
feet would not be still!

Out o' the clouds an' out o' the breeze an' out o'  
the morn stole I.  
An' I was a half crazed loon an' drunk with the dew  
of the day. That's why  
I danced to the bend in the morning road then dashed  
through a slumbering wood.  
Where a sleepy Jack in a green pulpit cried, "Shame,  
can you not be good?"

An' I that was born o' the gypsy moon laughed back  
at his preaching then:

"I am not good! I am bad, all bad, as bad as the  
madcap Pan!

But, oh I am glad! I am glad! I am mad as the  
maddest wild March hare!

I was sent with a surge of a swinging soul and for  
long I stay nowhere!"

Out o' the singing pines an' the hill, out o' the gentian  
hearts,

Out o' the green o' a rain-bathed fern in sequestered,  
woodland parts,

Out o' the notes of a bird's swelled throat, free in the  
fresh wildwood,

Out o' the stream in the valley there, out o' Spring's  
freshet flood,

Out o' the scent o' the happy trees that fair and  
straight arise

I came to play in the gold sunshine, an' I laughed  
with the summer skies.

An' I like a fugitive fleeing from earth flew fast to  
the Heaven's sill,

An' I sang as I lay on a cloudlet white for my heart  
would not be still!

Out o' the high lights of high noon, out o' the noon  
day's star,

Out o' the mountain's dizzy height jutting the sky  
afar,

I came down in a gown o' gauze, I was a sprite that  
passed

Like a wraith o' joy the proper homes and proper  
folks' window glass.

Ah, how I shocked them that summer noon! An' I  
would not heed to their sigh,

An' I would have done with the somberness o' the  
years gone dully by!  
The child that had cried on the stairs by day, an' the  
maid that had wept in her dreams,  
I had pushed far over a ragged cliff and I laughed  
with their splash an' their screams.

The long, brown hands of childhood were tight on  
my throat, they were hot.  
An' youth had hurt, had hurt too much with its  
loneliness I loved not.  
For that one mad flight on myself's wild heart I must  
pay and pay and pay.  
The proper folk never forgave me quite. But oh,  
what a night and a day!

*Poetry Review of America*

*Mora Scott*

## CLOTHES

Since the earliest days I have dressed myself  
In fanciful clothes;  
Trying to satisfy a whispering insistence.  
There was so much I dared not give  
To speech or act;  
So I put romance and fantasy  
Into my raiment.  
In that dreamy girlhood  
My clothes were like my thoughts;  
Vague and sentimental.  
They were of misty greens  
And faded lavenders;  
Like cloudy colors in entangled woods,  
Like the budding thoughts of a young girl.

Later on when womanhood came,  
And Motherhood sat consciously on me,

I essayed the dignified and noble  
In a trailing gown of gray.

But Spring came,  
And with it a dress of juicy green  
And tricky yellows,  
With darts of black,  
Like bare twigs showing through bright leaves.  
After a while I revelled in the sophistication  
Of a gown of black;  
Cut low, swirling in worldly curves.  
And once I dared the long line of the siren  
In a gown of weird brocade.

But these things have not silenced the whispers.  
Something urgent wants a tongue.  
My clothes are not me, myself;  
Something real escapes in the translation of color  
and fabric.

I think I should go naked into the streets,  
And wander unclothed into people's parlors.  
The incredulous eyes of the bewildered world  
Might give me back my true image. . . .  
Maybe in the glances of others  
I would find out what I really am.

*Poetry Review of America*

*Jean Starr Untermeyer*

## HAUNTED VILLAGE

Little wistful shades, when dusk was nearing,  
Flitted in the streets of Hemlock Town.  
Saw you not, among the leafy shadows,  
Breeze-stirred pinafores of beechen brown?

By closed shutters of the fanlight doorways  
Fond they lingered, faintly listening yet  
Only to the click of ancient needles  
And the rustle of an old Gazette;

Vainly harkening for a sound of frolic  
In the silent Square and stately Green;  
Vaguely seeking, in our long prim gardens,  
Little boys and girls where none were seen;—

Till what time the Poles and Finns and Syrians,  
Following the mills, came thronging down,  
And with patriarchal troops of children  
Waked the spellbound streets of Hemlock Town.

Many little hob shoes danced and clattered,  
Earrings tinkled, and the dusky braid  
Nodded to the songs the Cæsars' children  
Sang, and games that Pharaoh's daughter played.

Then the little ghosts, in noiseless scamper  
Fleeing up the south wind, homeward hied  
To their nursery of low green pillows  
On the walled hill's morning-fronting side;

Laying down their shadowy heads contented,  
Shed upon the drowsing wind their deep,  
Low last murmur of fulfilled desire,  
Sunk in dreams, and smiling in their sleep.

*Everybody's Magazine*      Sarah N. Cleghorn

## BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK

The shuttlecock soars upward  
In a parabola of whiteness,  
Turns,

And sinks to a perfect arc.  
Plat! the battledore strikes it,  
And it rises again,  
Without haste,  
Winged and curving,  
Tracing its white flight  
Against the clipped hemlock trees.  
Plat!  
Up again,  
Orange and sparkling with sun,  
Rounding under the blue sky,  
Dropping,  
Fading to grey-green  
In the shadow of the coned hemlocks.

"Ninety-one." "Ninety-two." "Ninety-three."  
The arms of the little girls  
Come up — and up —  
Precisely,  
Like mechanical toys.  
The battledores beat at nothing,  
And toss the dazzle of snow  
Off their parchment drums.  
Ninety-four. Plat!  
Ninety-five. Plat!

Back and forth  
Goes the shuttlecock,  
Icicle-white,  
Leaping at the sharp-edged clouds,  
Overturning,  
Falling,  
Down,  
And down,  
Tinctured with pink

From the upthrusting shine  
Of Oriental poppies.

The little girls sway to the counting rhythm:

Left foot,

Right foot.

Plat! Plat!

Yellow heat twines round the handles of the battle-  
dores,

The parchment cracks with dryness;

But the shuttlecock

Swings slowly into the ice-blue sky,

Heaving up on the warm air

Like a foam bubble on a wave,

With feathers slanted and sustaining.

Higher,

Until the earth turns beneath it;

Poised and swinging,

With all the garden flowing beneath it,

Scarlet, and blue, and purple, and white —

Blurred color reflections in rippled water —

Changing — streaming —

For the moment that Stella takes to lift her arm.

Then the shuttlecock relinquishes,

Bows,

Descends;

And the sharp blue spears of the air

Thrust it to earth.

Again it mounts,

Stepping up on the rising scents of flowers,

Buoyed up and under by the shining heat.

Above the foxgloves,

Above the guelder-roses,

Above the greenhouse glitter,

Till the shafts of cooler air



Meet it,  
Deflect it,  
Reject it,  
Then down,  
Down,  
Past the greenhouse,  
Past the guelder-rose bush,  
Past the foxgloves.

"Ninety-nine," Stella's battledore springs to the impact.

Plat! Like the snap of a taut string.

"Oh! Minna!"

The shuttlecock drops zigzaggedly,

Out of orbit,

Hits the path,

And rolls over quite still.

Dead white feathers,

With a weight at the end.

*Scribner's Magazine*

*Amy Lowell*

### TO MY CHILDREN — ASLEEP

List to their gentle breathing in the night,

Flushed pink with slumber. Now their curious  
eyes

Pale-lidded, shine not, nor their glances bright

Welcome the new day with its new surprise.

How still the feet that raced — that leaped, as light

As the small cloud that loiters in the skies:

How rare the bud before its opening hour

With fragrance that we find not in the perfect flower.

And who am I to bring this rapture down,

Irradiant, to bless the arid earth?

For I have ventured to the high unknown  
And grasped the Godhead in the hour of birth;  
My clay has dared to wear a kingly crown,  
And raid the heavens to appease my dearth:  
So close the ways of finite mortals bend  
To mysteries that round our fleeting lives extend.

Now, as the days pass, they will grow and make  
A God of me—less worshipful than they:  
Of my imperfect image they will take  
Only the good, will talk of me at play,  
Will weave me through their souls, so that to break  
Their gentle vision is to take away  
Their best delight. Ah, none but children see  
Behind the world-worn man his lost divinity.

To them dim years will open: to their gaze  
Will mystery and prophecy unfold,  
Strange lights will shine upon them, and the rays  
Of unborn knowledge be in flame outrolled;  
No wonder will their wondrous eyes amaze:  
But God will baffle as he did of old,  
Till, on the steps of wisdom, it is given  
That man, being wise, may climb—a child—to  
heaven.

And if, still tender, they shall think of me,  
Keep green the spot and guard the springing grass,  
Then I too shall remember, being free  
From earthly duty: I shall hear them pass,  
Catch even the word, and live on memory  
Of small, fond things: My soul shall not harass  
Those whom I dragged to earth. . . . See how they  
stir!  
Put out the light! The gloom cloaks best a wor-  
shiper.

*Harper's Magazine*

*Alan Sullivan*

## LULLABY

Dream, dream, thou flesh of me!  
Dream thou next my breast.  
Dream, dream and coax the stars  
To light thee at thy rest.

Sleep, sleep, thou breath of Him  
Who watcheth thee and me.  
Dream, dream, and dreaming,  
Coax that He shall see.

Rest, rest thou fairy form  
That presseth soft my breast.  
Rest, rest and nestle warm,  
And rest and rest and rest.

*Reedy's Mirror*

*Patience Worth*

## THE SON

*(Southern Ohio Market Town)*

I heard an old farm-wife,  
Selling some barley,  
Mingle her life with life  
And the name "Charley."

Saying: "The crop's all in,  
We're about through now;  
Long nights will soon begin,  
We're just us two now.

"Twelve bushel at sixty cents,  
It's all I carried —  
He sickened making fence;  
He was to be married —

"It feels like frost was near —  
His hair was curly.  
The spring was late that year,  
But the harvest early."

*The New Republic*

*Ridgely Torrence*

## WITH DEATH THE UNCOUTH

I — ABEL FULLER

None could remember when he first came there,  
And built his hut behind the lime-kiln hill.  
His name was Abel, and he had an air  
Of being a stranger strayed from anywhere  
Who bore his fellows neither good nor ill.

He was not lazy, yet he seldom worked,  
But when he did, he labored honestly;  
Whoever hired him could not say he shirked,  
Although he got only the jobs that irked,  
The cast-off toil that goes to poverty.

He made no friends, and he would speak to few,  
Even a passing greeting in the road  
He often left unanswered. To our view  
His silence hid a secret, but none knew,  
Nor how he lived in his remote abode.

He had a way, we could not understand,  
Of picking weeds to stick into his hair;  
Dead flowers, too, he would have in either hand  
In summer when the harvest filled the land,  
And every field with living things was fair.

And in the springtime whole days he would spend  
Searching the woods for an unmated bird.

His life was gaunt, and at the very end  
When he was dying we were there to tend,  
But he gave us no answer that we heard!

II — MARK ALLEN

There was the drum he played so poorly,  
Though all his days he prayed for skill.  
Never in life would he beat it surely,  
Even if the stars in heaven stood still.

There was the village band renewing  
Always his ancient ache to play.  
It was the sum of his soul's undoing,  
And never he knew would it wear away.

Little the village found amusing,  
With no more than one straggling street,  
So that without so much as choosing  
It turned to him as its jest complete.

Thus in a humor quite bucolic  
It clutched at him as its lawful prey;  
Would it not add to the country's frolic  
If he should lead the band that day?

Mindful he of the vain balked playing  
Could not take such a crown to wear;  
But he would were there no gainsaying  
Beat the drum for the county fair.

Here the event well worth the coming —  
All the village was there to laugh —  
No matter if the clouds urged homing,  
Should not rain write his epitaph?

At last they come with piccoli shrilling,  
He, head high, with the raised sticks dumb —  
Now the silence that will break thrilling  
In the crash of the rolling drum.

All the years of his patient failing  
Shielded are by a blinding light,  
For none sees, since they all are quailing,  
Just how the lightning made wrong right!

### III — AS A DECADENT PASSES

Bid the dawn come; the moonlight is too pale;  
Shadows are tiring me; night is so long.  
Shabby the lures of life, and they all fail,  
Nor is there music for the farewell song.

Death has prepared a most authentic thrill —  
I hear the whisper of his winding sheet,  
And, lo! he brings me over the lone hill  
New-cut gardenias for my head and feet.

*The Poetry Review of America*    *Donald Evans*

### MAD BLAKE

Blake saw a tree-full of angels at Peckham Rye,  
And his hands could lay hold of the tiger's terrible  
heart.  
Blake knew how deep is Hell, and Heaven how  
high,  
And could build the Universe from one tiny part.  
Blake heard the asides of God, as with furrowed  
brow  
He sifts the star-streams between the Then and the  
Now,

In vast infant sagacity brooding — an infant's grace  
Shining serene on His simple benignant face.

Blake, they say, was mad; and Space's Pandora-box  
Loosed its secrets upon him, devils — and angels,  
indeed!

I, they say, am sane; but no key of mine unlocks  
One lock of one gate where through Heaven's glory  
is freed.

And I hark and I hold my breath daylong, year-  
long,

Out of comfort and easy dreaming evermore starting  
awake,

Yearning beyond all sanity for some echo of that  
song

Of songs that was sung to the soul of the madman,  
Blake!

*Reedy's Mirror*

*William Rose Benét*

## THE SHEPHERD TO THE POET

Och, what's the good o' spinnin' words

As fine as silken thread?

Will "golden gorse upon the hill"

Be gold to buy ye bread?

An' while ye're list'nin' in th' glen

"To catch the thrush's lay,"

Your thatch is scattered be th' wind,

Your sheep have gone astray.

Th' time ye're afther makin' rhymes

O' leppin' waves an' sea,

Arrah! ye should be sellin' then

Your lambs upon th' quay.

Sure, 'tis God's ways is very quare,  
An' far beyant my ken,  
How o' the selfsame clay he makes  
Poets an' useful men!

*Boston Transcript*

*Agnes Kendrick Gray*

## THE HORSE THIEF

There he moved, cropping the grass at the purple  
canyon's lip.

His mane was mixed with the moonlight that sil-  
vered his snow-white side,  
For the moon sailed out of a cloud with the wake of  
a spectral ship,  
I crouched and I crawled on my belly, my lariat  
coil looped wide.

Dimly and dark the mesas broke on the starry sky.  
A pall covered every color of their gorgeous glory  
at noon.  
I smelt the yucca and mesquite, and stifled my heart's  
quick cry,  
And wormed and crawled on my belly to where  
he moved against the moon!

Some Moorish barb was that mustang's sire. His  
lines were beyond all wonder.  
From the prick of his ears to the flow of his tail  
he ached in my throat and eyes.  
Steel and velvet grace! As the prophet says, God  
had "clothed his neck with thunder."  
Oh, marvelous with the drifting cloud he drifted  
across the skies!



And then I was near at hand — crouched, and balanced, and cast the coil;  
And the moon was smothered in cloud, and the rope through my hands with a rip!  
But somehow I gripped and clung, with the blood in my brain aboil,—  
With a turn round the rugged tree-stump there on the purple canyon's lip.

Right into the stars he reared aloft, his red eye rolling and raging.  
He whirled and sunfished and lashed, and rocked the earth to thunder and flame.  
He squealed like a regular devil horse. I was haggard and spent and aging —  
Roped clean, but almost storming clear, his fury too fierce to tame.

And I cursed myself for a tenderfoot moon-dazzled to play the part,  
But I was doubly desperate then, with the possé pulled out from town,  
Or I'd never have tried it. I only knew I must get a mount and start.  
The filly had snapped her foreleg short. I had had to shoot her down.

So there he struggled and strangled, and I snubbed him around the tree.  
Nearer, a little near — hoofs planted, and lolling tongue —  
Till a sudden slack pitched me backward. He reared right on top of me.  
Mother of God — that moment! He missed me . . . and up I swung.

Somehow, gone daft completely and clawing a bunch  
of his mane,  
As he stumbled and tripped in the lariat, there  
I was — up and astride  
And cursing for seven counties! And the mustang?  
*Just insane!*  
Crack-bang! went the rope; we cannoned off the  
tree — then — gods, that ride!

A rocket — that's all, a rocket! I dug with my  
teeth and nails.  
Why we never hit even the high spots (though I  
hardly remember things),  
But I heard a monstrous booming like a thunder of  
flapping sails  
When he spread — well, *call* me a liar! — when  
he spread those wings, those wings!

So white that my eyes were blinded, thick-feathered  
and wide unfurled,  
They beat the air into billows. We sailed, and  
the earth was gone.  
Canyon and desert and mesa withered below, with the  
world.  
And then I knew that mustang; for I — was Bel-  
lerophon!

Yes, glad as the Greek, and mounted on a horse of  
the elder gods,  
With never a magic bridle or a fountain-mirror  
nigh!  
*My chaps and spurs and holster must have looked it?*  
What's the odds?  
I'd a leg over lightning and thunder, careering  
across the sky!

And forever streaming before me, fanning my forehead cool,  
    Flowed a mane of molten silver; and just before  
    my thighs  
(As I gripped his velvet-muscled ribs, while I cursed  
    myself for a fool),  
    The steady pulse of those pinions — their wonderful fall and rise!

The bandanna I bought in Bowie blew loose and  
    whipped from my neck.  
    My shirt was stuck to my shoulders and ribboning out behind.  
The stars were dancing, wheeling and glancing, dipping with smirk and beck.  
    The clouds were flowing, dusking and glowing.  
    We rode a roaring wind.

We soared through the silver starlight to knock at the planets' gates.  
    New shimmering constellations came whirling into our ken.  
Red stars and green and golden swung out of the void that waits  
    For man's great last adventure; the Signs took shape — and then

I knew the lines of that Centaur the moment I saw him come!  
    The musical-box of the heavens all around us rolled to a tune  
That tinkled and chimed and trilled with silver sounds that struck you dumb,  
    As if some archangel were grinding out the music of the moon.

Melody-drunk on the Milky Way, as we swept and  
soared hilarious,  
Full in our pathway, sudden he stood — the Cen-  
taur of the Stars,  
Flashing from head and hoofs and breast! I knew  
him for Sagittarius.  
He reared, and bent and drew his bow. He  
crouched as a boxer spars.

Flung back on his haunches, weird he loomed — then  
leapt — and the dim void lightened.  
Old White Wings shied and swerved aside, and  
fled from the splendor-shod.  
Through a flashing welter of worlds we charged. I  
knew why my horse was frightened.  
He *had* two faces — a dog's and a man's — that  
Babylonian god!

Also, he followed us real as fear. Ping! went an  
arrow past.  
My broncho buck-jumped, humping high. We  
plunged . . . I guess that's all!  
I lay on the purple canyon's lip, when I opened my  
eyes at last —  
Stiff and sore and my head like a drum, but I broke  
no bones in the fall.

So you know — and now you may string me up.  
Such was the way you caught me.  
Thank you for letting me tell it straight, though  
you never could greatly care.  
For I took a horse that wasn't mine! . . . But there's  
one the heavens brought me,  
And I'll hang right happy, because I know he is  
waiting for me up there.

From creamy muzzle to cannon-bone, by God, he's  
a peerless wonder!

He is steel and velvet and furnace-fire, and death's  
supremest prise;  
And never again shall be roped on earth that neck  
that is "clothed with thunder" . . .

String me up, Dave! Go dig my grave! *I rode  
him across the skies!*

*Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*

*William Rose Benét*

### SAINT JOHN OF NEPOMUC

Last summer I Columbused John, in Prague, that  
deadly Bush League town —

I'd quit 'em cold on pictures and cathedrals for  
awhile.

I hung around for Ma and Sis (Good Lord, there  
wasn't one they'd miss —

Pale martyrs till you couldn't sleep, Madonnas by the  
mile!)

I read some dope in Baedeker about a tablet on the  
bridge,

And how they slipped this poor old scout the double  
cross for fair.

I'm off high-brow historic truck, but Father John of  
Nepomuc,

You must admit he was the goods. Believe me, he  
was *there!*

The king was Wenzel Number Four. John was sky-  
pilot for the court.

King gets a hunch that Mrs. King has something on  
her mind.

He goes to sleuthing more and more. He says,  
"Gadzooks! I'll have their gore!"  
(Don't ever let 'em string you on that bunk that love  
is blind!)

The queen — I'll bet she was some queen — she tan-  
goes blithely on her way.  
She fails to see the storm clouds on her regal hus-  
band's dome.  
I got him guessed, that Wenzel guy harpoons a girl  
that's young and spry,  
And tries to seal her up for life in the Old People's  
Home!

The way I had it figured out she married him to  
please her folks:  
"Our son-in-law, the Kink, you know!" (Some  
speed! I guess that's poor?)  
So, when she sights a Maiden's Dream — some real  
live wire that's made the team,  
Well, she sits up and notices, like any girl. Why,  
sure!

Old Wenzel can't quite cinch the case, but what he  
doesn't know, he thinks.  
The lump he calls a heart congeals beneath his fancy  
vest.  
He sends for poor old Father John and says as fol-  
lows:—"I am on!  
I merely lack a few details! What hath the queen  
confessed?"

He holds the court upon the bridge. "Speak up,"  
he says, or otherwise  
These spears shall thrust you down to death! Come  
through! I am the king!

Kick in! What did my spouse confess?" The queen  
sends frantic S. O. S. . . .  
Maybe I sort of dosed, but well — here's how I got  
this thing . . .

He saw the startled courtiers, straining their ears;  
He saw the white queen swaying, striving to stand;  
He saw the soldiers tensely gripping their spears,  
Waiting the king's command:  
He heard a small page drawing a sobbing breath;  
He heard a bird's call, poignant and sweet and low;  
He heard the rush of the river, spelling death,  
Mocking him, down below.

But he only said, "My liege,  
To my honor you lay siege,  
And that fortress you can never overthrow."

He thought of how he had led them, all the years;  
He thought of how he had served them, death and  
birth;  
He thought of healing their hates, stilling their  
fears . . .

Humbly, he weighed his worth.  
He knew he was leaving them, far from the goal;  
He knew, with a deep joy, it was safe . . . and wise.  
He knew that now the pale queen's pitiful soul  
Would awake, and arise.

And he only said, "My king,  
Every argument you bring  
Merely sets my duty forth in sterner guise."

He felt the spears' points, merciless, thrust him  
down;  
He felt the exquisite, fierce glory of pain;  
He felt the bright waves eager, reaching to drown,  
Engulf him, body and brain.

He sensed cries, faint and clamorous, far behind;  
He sensed cool peace, and the buoyant arms of love;  
He sensed like a beacon, clear, beckoning, kind,  
Five stars, floating above . . .

To the ones who watched it seemed  
That he slept . . . and smiled . . . and  
dreamed.

"And the waters were abated . . . and the  
dove."

And there I was on that old bridge — boob fresh-  
man me, on that same bridge!

The lazy river hummed and purred, and sang a  
sleepy song.

Of course, I know it listens queer, but, gad, it was  
so real and near,

I stood there basking in the sun for goodness knows  
how long.

Sometimes I see it even now. I see that little, lean  
old saint

Put up against the shining spears his simple nerve  
and pluck:

And once, by Jove, you know, he came right down  
beside me in the game . . .

We know who made the touchdown then, old John of  
Nepomuc!

*Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*

*Ruth Comfort Mitchell*

## THE HEMP

(A Virginia Legend)

### THE PLANTING OF THE HEMP

*Captain Hawk scourged clean the seas*

*(Black is the gap below the plank)*



*From the Great North Bank to the Caribbees  
(Down by the marsh the hemp grows rank).*

*His fear was on the seaport towns,  
The weight of his hand held hard the downs.  
And the merchants cursed him, bitter and black,  
For a red flame in the sea-fog's wrack  
Was all of their ships that might come back.*

*For all he had one word alone,  
One clod of dirt in their faces thrown,  
"The hemp that shall hang me is not grown!"*

*His name bestrode the seas like Death.  
The waters trembled at his breath.*

*This is the tale of how he fell,  
Of the long sweep and the heavy swell,  
And the rope that dragged him down to hell.*

*The fight was done, and the gutted ship,  
Stripped like a shark the sea-gulls strip,*

*Lurched blindly, eaten out with flame,  
Back to the land from whence she came,  
A skimming horror, an eyeless shame.*

*And Hawk stood upon his quarter-deck,  
And saw the sky and saw the wreck.*

*Below, a butt for sailors' jeers,  
White as the sky when a white squall nears,  
Huddled the crowd of the prisoners.*

*Over the bridge of the tottering plank,  
Where the sea shook and the gulf yawned blank,  
They shrieked and struggled and dropped and sank,*

Pinioned arms and hands bound fast.  
One girl alone was left at last.

Sir Henry Gaunt was a mighty lord.  
He sat in state at the Council board;

The governors were as naught to him.  
From one rim to the other rim

Of his great plantations, flung out wide  
Like a purple cloak, was a full month's ride.

Life and death in his white hands lay,  
And his only daughter stood at bay,  
Trapped like a hare in the toils that day.

He sat at wine in his gold and his lace,  
And far away, in a bloody place,  
Hawk came near, and she covered her face.

He rode in the fields, and the hunt was brave,  
And far away his daughter gave  
A shriek that the seas cried out to hear,  
And he could not see and he could not save.

Her white soul withered in the mire  
As paper shrivels up in fire,  
And Hawk laughed, and he kissed her mouth,  
And her body he took for his desire.

#### THE GROWING OF THE HEMP

Sir Henry stood in the manor room,  
And his eyes were hard gems in the gloom.

And he said, "Go dig me furrows five  
Where the green marsh creeps like a thing alive—  
There at its edge, where the rushes thrive."

And where the furrows rent the ground,  
He sowed the seed of hemp around.

And the blacks shrink back and are sore afraid  
At the furrows five that rib the glade,  
And the voodoo work of the master's spade.

For a cold wind blows from the marshland near,  
And white things move, and the night grows drear,  
And they chatter and crouch and are sick with fear.

*But down by the marsh, where the gray slaves glean,  
The hemp sprouts up, and the earth is seen  
Veiled with a tenuous mist of green.*

And Hawk still scourges the Caribbees,  
And many men kneel at his knees.

Sir Henry sits in his house alone,  
And his eyes are hard and dull like stone.

And the waves beat, and the winds roar,  
And all things are as they were before.

And the days pass, and the weeks pass,  
And nothing changes but the grass.

*But down where the fireflies are like eyes,  
And the damps shudder, and the mists rise,  
The hemp-stalks stand up toward the skies.*

And down from the poop of the pirate ship  
A body falls, and the great sharks grip.

Innocent, lovely, go in grace!  
At last there is peace upon your face.

And Hawk laughs loud as the corpse is thrown,  
"The hemp that shall hang me is not grown!"

Sir Henry's face is iron to mark,  
And he gazes ever in the dark.

And the days pass, and the weeks pass,  
And the world is as it always was.

*But down by the marsh the sickles beam,  
Glitter on glitter, gleam on gleam,  
And the hemp falls down by the stagnant stream.*

And Hawk beats up from the Caribbees,  
Swooping to pounce in the Northern seas.

Sir Henry sits sunk deep in his chair,  
And white as his hand is grown his hair.

And the days pass, and the weeks pass,  
And the sands roll from the hour-glass.

*But down by the marsh in the blazing sun  
The hemp is smoothed and twisted and spun,  
The rope made, and the work done.*

#### THE USING OF THE HEMP

Captain Hawk scourged clean the seas  
(Black is the gap below the plank)  
From the Great North Bank to the Caribbees  
(Down by the marsh the hemp grows rank).

He sailed in the broad Atlantic track,  
And the ships that saw him came not back.

And once again, where the wide tides ran,  
He stooped to harry a merchantman.

He bade her stop. Ten guns spake true  
From her hidden ports, and a hidden crew,  
Racking his great ship through and through.

Dazed and dumb with the sudden death,  
He scarce had time to draw a breath

Before the grappling-irons bit deep,  
And the boarders slew his crew like sheep.

Hawk stood up straight, his breast to the steel;  
His cutlass made a bloody wheel.

His cutlass made a wheel of flame.  
They shrank before him as he came.

And the bodies fell in a choking crowd,  
And still he thundered out aloud,

"The hemp that shall hang me is not grown!"  
They fled at last. He was left alone.

Before his foe Sir Henry stood.  
"The hemp is grown, and my word made good!"

And the cutlass clanged with a hissing whirl  
On the lashing blade of the rapier.

Hawk roared and charged like a maddened buck.  
As the cobra strikes, Sir Henry struck,

Pouring his life in a single thrust,  
And the cutlass shivered to sparks and dust.

Sir Henry stood on the blood-stained deck,  
And set his foot on his foe's neck.

Then from the hatch, where the rent decks slope,  
Where the dead roll and the wounded grope,  
He dragged the serpent of the rope.

The sky was blue, and the sea was still,  
The waves lapped softly, hill on hill,  
And between one wave and another wave  
The doomed man's cries were little and shrill.

The sea was blue, and the sky was calm;  
The air dripped with a golden balm.  
Like a wind-blown fruit between sea and sun,  
A black thing writhed at a yard-arm.

Slowly then, and awesomely,  
The ship sank, and the gallows-tree,  
And there was naught between sea and sun —  
Naught but the sun and the sky and the sea.

*But down by the marsh where the fever breeds,  
Only the water chuckles and pleads;  
For the hemp clings fast to a dead man's throat,  
And blind Fate gathers back her seeds.*

*Century Magazine*

*Stephen Vincent Benét*

## REVELATION

He had not made the team. The ultimate moment —  
Last practice for the big game, his senior year —  
Had come and gone again with dizzying swiftness.  
It was all over now, and the sudden cheer

That rose and swelled to greet the elect eleven  
Sounded his bitter failure on his ear.

He had not made the team. He was graduating:  
The last grim chance was gone, and the last hope  
fled;  
The final printed list tacked up in the quarters;  
A girl in the bleachers turned away her head.  
He knew that she was trying to keep from crying;  
Under his tan there burned a painful red.

He had not made the team. The family waiting  
His wire, up State; the little old loyal town  
That had looked to him year by year to make it  
famous,  
And laureled him each time home with fresh re-  
nown;  
The men from the house there, tense, breathlessly  
watching,  
And, after all, once more, he'd thrown them down.

He had not made the team, after years of striving;  
After all he had paid to try, and held it cheap,—  
The sweat and blood and strain and iron endurance,—  
And the harassed nights, too aching-tired to sleep;  
The limp that perhaps he might be cured of some  
day;  
The ugly scar that he would always keep.

He had not made the team. He watched from the  
side lines,  
Two days later, a part of a sad patrol,  
Battered and bruised in his crouched, blanketed body,  
Sick and sore to his depths, and aloof in dole,  
Until he saw the enemy's swift advancing

Sweeping his team-mates backward. Then from  
his soul  
Was cleansed the sense of self and the sting of failure,  
And he was one of a pulsing, straining whole,  
Bracing to stem the tide of the on-flung bodies,  
Helping to halt that steady, relentless roll;  
Then he was part of a fighting, frenzied unit  
Forcing them back and back and back from the  
goal.  
There on the side lines came the thought like a whip-  
crack  
As his team rallied and rose and took control:

*He had not made the team, but for four long seasons,  
Each of ten grinding weeks, he had given the  
flower,  
The essence, and strength of body brain, and spirit,  
He and his kind—the second team—till the  
power  
To cope with opposition and to surmount it  
Into the team was driven against this hour!*

What did it matter who held fast to the leather,  
He or another? What was a four-years' dream?  
Out of his heart the shame and rancor lifted;  
There burst from his throat a hoarse, exultant  
scream.  
Not in the fight, but part of it, he was winning!  
This was his victory: he had made the team!

*The Century Magazine*

*Ruth Comfort Mitchell*



## LINCOLN

### I

Like a gaunt, scraggly pine  
Which lifts its head above the mournful sandhills;  
And patiently, through dull years of bitter silence,  
Untended and uncared for, starts to grow.

Ungainly, labouring, huge,  
The wind of the north has twisted and gnarled its  
branches;  
Yet in the heat of midsummer days, when thunder-  
clouds ring the horizon,  
A nation of men shall rest beneath its shade.

And it shall protect them all,  
Hold everyone safe there, watching aloof in silence;  
Until at last one mad stray bolt from the zenith  
Shall strike it in an instant down to earth.

### II

There was a darkness in this man; an immense and  
hollow darkness,  
Of which we may not speak, nor share with him, nor  
enter;  
A darkness through which strong roots stretched  
downwards into the earth  
Towards old things;

Towards the herdman-kings who walked the earth  
and spoke with God,  
Towards the wanderers who sought for they knew not  
what, and found their goal at last;  
Towards the men who waited, only waited patiently  
when all seemed lost  
Many bitter winters of defeat;

Down to the granite of patience  
These roots swept, knotted fibrous roots, prying,  
piercing, seeking,  
And drew from the living rock and the living waters  
about it  
The red sap to carry upwards to the sun.

Not proud, but humble,  
Only to serve and pass on, to endure to the end  
through service;  
For the axe is laid at the roots of the trees, and  
all that bring not forth good fruit  
Shall be cut down on the day to come and cast into  
the fire.

### III

There is a silence abroad in the land to-day,  
And in the hearts of men, a deep and anxious silence;  
And, because we are still at last, those bronze lips  
slowly open,  
Those hollow and weary eyes take on a gleam of  
light.

Slowly a patient, firm-syllabled voice cuts through  
the endless silence  
Like labouring oxen that drag a plow through the  
chaos of rude clay-fields;  
I went forward as the light goes forward in early  
spring,  
But there were also many things which I left be-  
hind.

Tombs that were quiet;  
One, of a mother, whose brief light went out in the  
darkness,

One, of a loved one, the snow on whose grave is long  
falling,  
One, only of a child, but it was mine.

Have you forgot your graves? Go, question them in  
anguish,  
Listen long to their unstirred lips. From your hos-  
tages to silence,  
Learn there is no life without death, no dawn with-  
out sunseting,  
No victory but to him who has given all.

#### IV

The clamour of cannon dies down, the furnace-mouth  
of the battle is silent.  
The midwinter sun dips and descends, the earth takes  
on afresh its bright colours.  
But he whom we mocked and obeyed not, he whom we  
scorned and mistrusted,  
He has descended, like a god, to his rest.

Over the uproar of cities,  
Over the million intricate threads of life wavering  
and crossing,  
In the midst of problems we know not, tangling, per-  
plexing, ensnaring,  
Rises one white tomb alone.

Beam over it, stars,  
Wrap it 'round, stripes — stripes red for the pain  
that he bore for you —  
Enfold it forever, O flag, rent, soiled, but repaired  
through your anguish;  
Long as you keep him there safe, the nations shall  
bow to your law.

Strew over him flowers:  
Blue forget-me-nots from the north, and the bright  
pink arbutus  
From the east, and from the west rich orange blossom,  
But from the heart of the land take the passion-flower;

Rayed, violet, dim,  
With the nails that pierced, the cross that he bore  
and the circlet,  
And beside it there lay also one lonely snow-white  
magnolia,  
Bitter for remembrance of the healing which has  
passed.

*Poetry Review of America*

*John Gould Fletcher*

## TO THE SCHOONER *CASCO*

*Dear to R. L. S.*

(Remodelled for the fishing-trade of the Pacific Coast)

Has he forsaken heaven quite,  
Where is no sail nor any sea,  
And for the sake of lost delight  
Evaded immortality,  
To feel the wind that sets you free,  
And tempt you to a wide blue flight  
Where any trailing dawn may be  
Deep-fringed with breakers bursting white?

Would he exchange all Paradise  
For islands arabesqued with morn,  
In your slim shape the magic lies,  
And to such honor were you born.

For him shall peace grow less forlorn,  
Who has the sea-light in his eyes,  
And hears Orion's hunting-horn  
Cry challenge down the blazing skies?

Now men forget what dawns you knew,  
What painted sunsets flaring far:  
For these calm coasts they destine you,  
Nor think whose Silver Ship you are.  
Oh leaping bow and thrilling spar  
And canvas bright against the blue,  
Your Skipper steers you for a star!  
Obey him as you used to do.

So shall you tread again the floor  
Uncharted you were wont to roam,  
And flee in ecstasy before  
The squalls that fail to drive you home:  
Shall hear his laughter as of yore,  
When the cloud breaks, the green waves comb,  
And make his spirit glad once more  
With flagons of enchanted foam!

But when the ocean's azure swoon  
Glasses some isle of memories,  
Steal thither softly, to maroon  
Your wilful master, if he please!  
Slip in by night behind the trees  
Of its star-paven deep lagoon,  
And drift across the Pleiades  
To anchor in the floating moon.

*Poetry Review of America*

*Grace Hazard Conkling*

## THE CITY

There is a crown upon her brow that seems  
To every one his own. Also her womb  
Is heavy with to-morrow, and the doom  
Of high desires, fond hopes, and hidden schemes.  
Friend that destroys or angel that redeems  
Or man that struggles — there is none to whom  
She can deny her glory and her gloom,  
Her iron labors and her golden dreams.

Now in her robe of light, she smiles upon  
The world with such a promise as proclaims  
The Maid of Seven Stars unbosoming  
God's mercy to the needful . . . and anon,  
Salomé, daughter of a thousand shames,  
Dancing in all her jewels before the king.

*Harper's Weekly*

*Brian Hooker*

## RIVERSIDE

There should be music in a place like this,  
And patter of delicate feet upon the dew  
Dancing, and shy sweet laughter flashing through  
Song, as a dream is broken by a kiss.  
Under such blossomy shade might Artemis  
Lean down to learn what warm-haired Leto knew,  
Or Dionysos lead his clamorous crew  
Where the cool stream should bathe their burning  
bliss.

Ashes of dreams! . . . Turn yonder, and behold  
The Giant of our modern faith; whereby  
Ourselves, grown wiser than the gods of old,  
Poison the western wind with alchemy,

And write with lightning on the midnight sky  
The golden legend of his lust for gold.

*Harper's Weekly*

*Brian Hooker*

### THE WEAVER

How hard it is to weave a wreath  
Of song for a maiden's brow,  
Is known to the weaver's soul alone,—  
I think I know it now;  
For the weaver never can weave the song  
He feels, though he weave his whole life long.

*Poetry Review of America*    *E. J. V. Huiginn*

### NOCTURNE

All the earth a hush of white,  
White with moonlight all the skies;  
Wonder of a winter night—  
And . . . your eyes.

Hues no palette dares to claim  
Where the spoils of sunken ships  
Leap to light in singing flame—  
And . . . your lips.

Darkness as the shadows creep  
Where the embers sigh to rest;  
Silence of a world asleep—  
And . . . your breast.

*Harper's Magazine*    *Amelia Josephine Burr*

## SONG OF THE DAUGHTERS OF CELEUS

Deep the well and dark the water,  
Far we let our pitchers down.  
Prisoned water, prisoned water,  
Fill the gleaming pitchers brown;  
Fill and brim and sparkle after;  
Pools of sunlight edged with laughter  
Wait their guest in Celeus' town.

When we lean above the water,  
Imaged in the twilight lies  
One who comes for Celeus' daughter,  
Kindly brave and kindly wise.  
Shadowy layers of darkness cover  
Him, the coming lord and lover —  
Hers who has the brightest eyes.

*Harper's Magazine*

*Louis V. Ledoux*

## KAN-IL-LAK THE SINGER

TO NAK-KU

Nak-Ku, desired!  
Thine eyes speak gifts  
But thy hands are empty.  
Thy lips draw me  
Like morning's flame on a song-bird's wing.  
I follow — but thy kiss is denied.  
I am a hunter alone in a forest of silence.  
Under what bough  
Are the warm wings of thy kiss folded?

Amid the scent of berries drying  
From my high roof I have seen the dusky sea



Trip rustlingly along the sand-floors,  
In little moccasins of silver, moon-broidered with  
shells of longing.  
Ah, thy little moccasins, Nak-Ku!  
But thy feet recede from me like ebbing tides.

I have closed my door:  
The heavy cedar-blanket hangs before it.  
Since thou comest not,  
Better that my narrow pine couch seem wide as a  
winter field.  
The moon makes silver shadows on my floor through  
the poplars.  
The wind rustles the leaves,  
Swaying the boughs o'er the smoke-hole;  
The little silver shadows run toward my couch —  
Ah-hi, Nak-Ku!

I hear the pattering of women on the sand-paths:  
Fluttered laughs, bird-whisperings before my lodge —  
"Oh lover, lover!"  
Brave little fingers tap upon the cedar-blanket.  
But I do not open my door —  
Better this grief!  
I am thy poet, Nak-Ku,  
Faithful to her who has given me  
Dreams!

#### NAK-KU ANSWERS

I have given dreams to Kan-il-Lak, the singer!

Oh, what care I, Kan-il-Lak,  
Though thy hut be full of witches,  
Thy lips' melody flown before their kisses?  
Know I not that all women

Must to the singer bring their gifts?  
Know I not that to the singer comes at last  
His hour of gift-judging?

I will lie, like a moonbeam, in thy heart.

A hundred gifts shall fall regarded not:  
But where among the dust of forgetfulness  
The one pearl shell is found —  
Pure, faint-flushed with longing,  
The deeps no man has seen  
Brimming its lyric mouth with mystical murmurs —  
There shalt thou pause  
And render me thy song!

*Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*

*Constance Lindsay Skinner*

## EVE SPEAKS

### I

Pause, God, and ponder, ere Thou judgest me.  
Though it be doomsday, and the trampling winds  
Rush blindly through the stark and cowering skies,  
Bearing Thy fearful mandate like a sword,  
I do not tremble, . . . I am unafraid.  
Though the red flame of wrath lick up the worlds,  
And dizzy stars fall in a golden rain;  
Though, in an agonizing fear of life,  
The summoned spirits, torn from gentle graves,  
Whirl at Thy feet or fly before Thy frown  
Like leaves that run before a scornful breeze,  
I do not fly, . . . my soul is unafraid.

Years have swept over me and in the wash  
Of foaming centuries have been forgot.

Yet still my soul remembers Paradise,  
 That perfect echo of Thy gentler mood.  
 Wrapped in a drowsy luxury we lived,  
 Beauty our food and idleness our pillow.  
 Day after day, we walked beneath Thy smile;  
 And, as we wandered through the glittering hours,  
 Our souls unfolding with the friendly earth,  
 Eden grew lovelier to our eager eyes.  
 With every step a clump of trees, a star,  
 An undiscovered flower, a hill, a cry,  
 A new wild sunset 'or a wilder bird,  
 Entered our lives and grew a part of us.  
 Lord, there was naught but happiness — and yet,  
 Though Adam gloried in the world's content,  
 And sunned himself in rich complacency,  
 The thought that there was something more than  
     joy,  
 Beyond all beauty, greater than singing peace  
 And tranquil happiness, vexed all my hours.  
 Here in a garden, without taint or care,  
 We played like children, we who were not children.  
 Swaddled with ease, lulled with Thy softest dreams,  
 We lived in perfect calm — who were not perfect.  
     . . .  
 Eden was made for angels — not for Man.  
 Often the thought of this would come to me  
 When Adam's songs seemed empty of all mirth;  
 When he grew moody and the reckless fire  
 Leaped in his eyes and died; or when I saw  
 Him lying at my side, his brawny arms  
 Knotted with strength, his bosom deep and broad,  
 His hands tight-clenched, his mouth firm, even in  
     sleep.  
 Here was a body made to build and dare;  
 Here was a brain designed to dream and mould —  
 To waste such energy on such a life!

I could not think it. Seeing him, I knew  
Man made for Eden only — not for more —  
Was made in vain. . . . I claimed my Adam, God;  
Claimed him for fiercer things and lustier worlds,  
Immoderate measures, insolent desires;  
Claimed him for great and strengthening defeats.  
He was but one of many things to Thee —  
A cunning lump of clay, a sentient clod —  
One of a universe of miracles.  
Each day a fresh creation was to Thee;  
Thou hadst infinity to shape and guard —  
I only Adam.

Lying awake one night beneath the Tree,  
I heard him sighing in a fitful sleep.  
A cold, disdainful moon mocked my unrest,  
A night-bird circled out beyond the wood.  
Never did Eden seem so much a prison —  
Past the great gates I glimpsed the unknown world,  
Lying unfettered in majestic night.  
I saw the broadening stream hold out its arms,  
The proud hills called me and the lure  
Of things unheard, unguessed at, caught my soul.  
Adam was made for this — and this for him.  
The peace of Eden grew intolerable.  
Better the bold uncertainty of toil,  
The granite scorn of the experienced world,  
And failure upon failure; better these  
Than this enforced and rotting indolence.  
Adam should know his godhood; he should feel  
The weariness of work, and pride of it;  
The labor of creation, and its joy.  
His hands should rear the dream, his sinews think;  
And, in a rush of liberated power,  
He should rend and tame, and wrest its secret from

The sweating, energetic earth; his frame should  
thrill

With every keen, courageous enterprise,  
Until his rude and stumbling soul could grasp  
Conquering and unconquerable joys.  
So should his purpose tower to the stars;  
Face, without fear, contemptuous centuries;  
Meet the astonished heavens with a laugh,  
And answer God with God's own words and deeds.

One thing alone would give all this to him,  
One thing would cleave the sealed and stubborn  
rocks,

Harness the winds, curb the unbridled seas —  
Knowledge, the force and shaper of the world. . . .  
And so I knew that we should eat — and learn.

## II

Into the world we went, Adam and I,  
Bound by a new and strange companionship.  
For in the battle with a hostile earth  
His were the victories, mine were all defeats.  
His was the lust of doing — a furrow tilled;  
A wily beast ensnared, a flint well turned;  
A headlong chase, a hut or trap well built;  
The joy of things accomplished Adam knew.  
Was there a hunt — there was a feast for him;  
Was there a harvest — there was rest thereafter;  
Was Adam hurt — there was my soothing care;  
Was Adam tired — there were my lips and arms.  
Aye, Lord, though I cried out against this thing  
That made me Adam's servant, not his mate,  
Yet was it just, for into endless strife  
My will had plunged him; therefore all the years  
I tended, comforted, encouraged him

With prayers and quickening passion, till he knew  
The dazzling, harsh divinity of love. . . .  
God, thou did'st make a creature out of dust,  
But *I* created Man. . . . I was to him  
A breast, soft shoulders, an impelling brain;  
I was his spur, his shield, his stirrup-cup;  
I was his child, his strumpet, and his wife.  
A world of women have I been to him,  
To him and all the myriad sons of Adam.  
And all that they remember is my shame!  
All times by all men have I been betrayed —  
They have belittled and disgraced my deed  
That made them seek until they found themselves;  
Have turned my very purposes against me,  
Knowing not that I help them unawares.  
Yea, I have driven them — that they too might drive;  
Have held their chains — that I might set them free;  
Have ruled and urged them with a hardened hand,  
That they might find the stony world less hard.  
And what was my reward when they had won —  
Freedom that I had bought with torturing bonds?  
Faith that is stronger than the iron years?  
Love with a warmth that heals as well as burns?  
Or comradeship, the golden hour of love,  
Clean as the candid gaze of stars and children?  
Such things were not my portion. Gibes and taunts,  
Mixed with the pity of a tolerant lord;  
My name, turned to base uses, made to serve  
A twisted symbol and a mockery.  
Or I was given in some more amorous mood,  
A brief endearment or an easy smile;  
A jewel, perhaps an hour of casual love —  
These were the precious coin in which they paid.  
And thus, to either concubine or wife,  
They eased their conscience — and their throbbing  
    lust.

They stormed through countries brandishing their  
deeds,  
Boasting their gross and transient mastery  
To girls, who listened with indulgent ears  
And laughing hearts. . . . Lord, they were ever  
blind —  
*Women have they known, but never Woman.*

God, when the rosy world first learned to crawl  
About the floor of heaven, wert Thou not proud!  
Though Thou hast planned a heaven of suns to swing  
About Thy skies, like censers whirling praise;  
Though Thou hast made immense and sterile space  
Busy with life, a deathless miracle;  
And now hast gathered up eternity,  
Rolling it in the hollow of Thy hand,—  
Was there one sudden thrill in all of time  
As keen as that fierce tugging at Thy heart,  
When first the new-born world was held by Thee  
Close to Thy breast to feel its small heart beat?  
Not all the fervor of ten million springs  
Moved Thee so much, because it was so weak.  
Errant and spoiled, untamed and contrary,  
Thou sawest it grow, in fear no less than pride.  
It was Thy dearest child, Thy favorite star.  
God, so it was with Adam — he was mine.  
Mine to protect, to nurture, to impel;  
My lord and lover, yes, but first my child.  
Man remains Man, but Woman is the Mother.  
There is no mystery she dare not read;  
No fearful fruit can grow but she must taste;  
No secret knowledge can be held from her;  
For she must learn all things that she may teach.

How wilt Thou judge me then, who am, like Thee,  
Creator, shaper of men's destinies?

Nay more, I made their purpose vaster still.  
Thou would'st have left them in a torpid Eden —  
I sent them out to grapple with the world!  
I give Thee back Thy planet now, O God,  
An earth made strong by disobedience;  
Resplendent, built with fire and furious dreams.  
A world no angel host could hope to shape;  
Invulnerable, spacious, and erect.  
Not a vast garden rich with futile charm;  
But streaming continents and crowded seas,  
Extravagant cities, marshalled mountain-chains,  
And every windy corner of the air  
Filled with the excellent enterprise of man.  
A world both promise and fulfilment — see  
Men's thoughts translated into light and towers;  
Visions uplifted into stone and steel;  
Labor and life — a seething hymn of praise.  
This is Thy clamorous and thundering clay;  
This, Thy created, groping world — and mine.

Pause, God, and ponder ere Thou judgest me.

*The Yale Review*

*Louis Untermeyer*

## THE SISTERS

We four  
Live here together  
My three old sisters and I  
In a white little cottage  
With flowers on each side of the path up to the door.  
It is here we eat together  
At eight, one and seven  
All the year round,  
It is here we sew together



On garments for the Church sewing society  
Here,— behind our fresh white dimity curtains  
That I'll soon have to do up and darn again.  
It is this cottage we mean  
When we use the word Home  
Is it not here we lie down and sleep  
Each night all near together?

We never meet  
My three old sisters and I.  
We never look into each others' eyes  
We never look into each others' souls  
Or if we do for a moment  
We quickly begin to talk about the jam  
How much sugar to put in and when.  
We run away and hide like mice before the light  
We are afraid to look into each others' souls  
So we keep on sewing, sewing.

My three old sisters are old  
Very old.  
It is not such a great while since they were born  
Yet they are old.  
I think it is because they will not look and see.  
I am not old  
But pretty soon I will be.  
I was thinking of that when I went to him  
Where he was waiting.

My sisters had been talking together all the long  
afternoon  
While I sat sewing and silent,  
Clacking, clacking away while the lilac scent came  
in at the window  
And the branches beckoned and sighed.  
This is what they said —

"How did that paper come into our house?"

"Fit to be burnt, don't you think?"

Then the third, "It's a shameless sheet

To print such a sensual thing."

The paper lay on the table there, between my three  
sisters

With my poem in it,—

My small happy poem without any name.

I had been with him when I wrote it and I wanted  
him again

The words arose in my heart clamouring for birth—

And there they were, between my three sisters.

Each read it in turn

Holding the paper far off with the tips of her fingers.

Then they hustled it into the fire

Giving it an extra poke with the tongs, a vicious poke.

Then each sister settled back to her sewing

With a satisfied air.

I looked at them and I wondered.

I looked at each one,

And I went to him that night—

Where he was waiting.

My three old sisters are dying

Though they do not know it.

They are not dying serenely

After life is over

They are just getting dryer and dryer

And sharper and sharper

Soon there will not be any more of them at all.

I am not like them

I cannot be

For I have a reason for living.

While they were picking their little pale odourless  
blossoms

I gathered my great red flower  
And oh I am glad glad,  
For now when the time comes I can die serenely,  
I can die after living.

But first what is to come?  
I am going to give my three old sisters a shock  
Then what a rumpus there will be!  
They will upbraid and reproach  
And then they will whisper to each other, nodding  
slowly and sadly  
Telling each other it is not theirs to judge.  
So they will become kind and pitiful  
Affirming that I am their sister  
And that they will stick by and see me through.  
But underneath they will be touching me with the  
lifted tips of their fingers.  
They would like to hustle me into the fire  
With an extra poke of the tongs.

Perhaps I will pretend to hang my head,  
Perhaps I will to please them,  
I am very obliging—  
But in my heart I shall be laughing with a great  
laughter  
A great exaltation.  
Yes they will upbraid and reproach  
In grave and sisterly accents  
And mourn over me,  
One who has fallen,  
Yet I suspect  
As each one goes to her cold little room,  
Deep in her breast she will envy  
With a terrible envy  
The child that is mine  
And the night

The curious night  
When the sun and the moon and the stars  
Bent down  
And gave me their secrets.

*Others, A Magazine of the New Verse*  
Mary Aldis

## FROM "THE HILL WIFE"

(Her Word)

### THE OFT-REPEATED DREAM

She had no saying dark enough  
For the dark pine that kept  
Forever trying the window latch  
Of the room where they slept.

His tireless but ineffectual hands  
That with every futile pass  
Made the great tree seem as a little bird  
Before the mystery of glass!

He never had been inside the room,  
And only one of the two  
Was afraid in an oft-repeated dream  
Of what he thought to do.

### THE IMPULSE

It was too lonely for her there,  
And too wild,  
And since there were but two of them,  
And no child,

And work was little in the house,  
She was free,

And followed where he furrowed field,  
Or felled tree.

She rested on a log and tossed  
The fresh chips,  
With a song only to herself  
On her lips.

And once she went to break a bough  
Of black alder.  
She strayed so far she scarcely heard  
When he called her —

And didn't answer — didn't speak —  
Or return.  
She stood, and then she ran and hid  
In the fern.

He never found her, though he looked  
Everywhere,  
And he asked at her mother's house  
Was she there.

Sudden and swift and light as that  
The ties gave,  
And he learned of finalities  
Besides the grave.

*The Yale Review*

*Robert Frost*

## CROSS PATCH

Her ardent spirit ran beyond her years  
As light before a flame.  
At fifteen, the tennis medal; at sixteen, the golf cup;  
Then — the coveted! — bluest of blue ribbons

For faultless horsemanship.  
No man in all that country,  
Whatever his sport,  
But had to own the girl a better man.  
At that she merely laughed — saying that triumph  
Is all a matter of thrill: who tingles most,  
He wins inevitably.  
Half bewilderment, half jest,  
They called her Sprite, those ordinary folk  
Who thought such urge, such instinct of life to joy  
Was somehow mythical.  
And having named her, they no longer thought of her,  
To their relief, as young or old, one sex or other —  
Just herself, apart, a goddess of out-of-doors.  
School boys never dreamed of her tenderly  
As one to send a perfumed valentine;  
But when she strode among the horses in the field  
They pawed the ground.  
No leash could hold a dog when she passed by.

Then, despite her ardent race with time —  
Ardent as though each moment were a dare  
To some adventure of freed muscle and thrilled  
nerve —

A fleet runner overtook her flight  
And bound her tightly in a golden net —  
Hands, feet and bosom; lips and hair and eyes —  
Beauty, beauty of women.  
Or was it she, unconscious what she raced,  
Ran suddenly, breathless, glad and yet dismayed,  
Into the arms of her own womanhood?  
Which, no one knew, herself the least of all.  
But no more did she fly beyond herself,  
As eager to leave the very flesh behind,  
But stayed with it in deep and rapturous content;  
Her ardor turned

Henceforth within upon a secret goal.  
Spirit and beauty seemed to flow together,  
Each rapt in each  
Like a hushed lily in a hidden pool.  
Only at dances did the sprite peep out,  
Ardent and yet controlled,  
Alive to every turn and slope of the rhythm  
As if the music spread a path for her  
To what she truly sought.

'Twas at a dance she found it — found the man —  
And no one had to question what she found:  
Her eyes, her very finger-tips, proclaimed  
The marvel it was to be a part of her,  
A part of love.  
The man — he had no medals and ribbons of triumph;  
If she had fled on horse or even on foot  
He never could have caught her.  
It must have been his mind's humility  
That made her stay,  
So thoughtless of itself, so thoughtful of  
Forgotten wisdoms, old greatness, world riddles;  
A patient, slow, but never yielding search  
(Passionate too, with wings' flight of its own)  
For what — compared with other minds she knew —  
Might well have seemed the blessed western isles.  
They lived beyond the village on a hill  
Beneath a row of pines; a house without pretense  
Yet fully conscious of uncommon worth —  
A house all books inside.

Their only neighbor was a garrulous man,  
Who smoked a never finished pipe  
Upon a never finished woodpile  
Strategically placed beside the road

So none could pass without his toll of gossip.  
He started it.  
One day, pointing his thumb across the pines, he said:  
"There's something wrong up yonder;  
*Their* honeymoon had set behind a storm.  
I heard 'em fight last night . . .  
Well, what'd he expect? They're all alike —  
*women.*"

Of course it got about,  
And while no one quite believed,  
Still, to make sure, some friendly women called.  
They said that he was studying, quite as usual,  
Not changed at all, just quiet and indrawn —  
The last man in the world to make a quarrel;  
And she, well, of course *she* wasn't so easy to read,  
Always strange and different from a child;  
But even in her the sharpest eye saw nothing  
That seemed the loose end of the littlest quarrel.  
No couple could have acted more at ease;  
And anyhow, a woman like *that*, they said,  
Would never have stayed so quiet in the pines  
With unhappiness, but tossed it from her broadcast  
Like brands from a bonfire.  
She said the house was damp — and that was all.  
At last even the old garrulous woodpile  
Knocked out the ashes of it from his pipe.

But then, a few months later, a frightened servant  
girl  
Ran at early morning from the pines,  
Crying the judge in town.  
She said her mistress suddenly, without cause,  
Standing by her in the kitchen, turned on her  
Blackly with words no decent girl deserved,  
Then struck her full in the face, spat on her, pulled  
her hair.



She wanted compensation, the servant did,  
 And a clean character before the world,  
 Yes, and punishment for the beast who hurt her —  
 That is, if the woman wasn't mad.  
*Mad* — oh ho! the shock of it  
 Rolled seething over the place like a tidal wave,  
 And in the wake of the wave, like weed and wreckage,  
 Many a hint and sense of something wrong at the  
     pines  
 Sprawled in the daylight.  
 A stable boy remembered  
 How not a week before she'd called for a horse,  
 The spiritedest saddle they had,  
 And when she brought him back 'twas late at night,  
 The horse and woman both done up,  
 Slashed, splashed and dripping;  
 But all she said was, "Send the bill;  
 The beast's no good — I'll never ride again."

So this and other stories quite as strange  
 Stretched everybody's nerves for the trial to come  
 And made them furious when it didn't come —  
 He settling with the girl outside of court.  
 The judge's wife knew all there was to know:  
 Not jealousy at all, just nerves —  
 Every woman, you know, at certain times . . .  
 Of course, agreed the village, so that's it? still  
 (Not to be cheated outright), still  
 Even so, she'd best take care of that temper;  
 A husband's one thing, an unborn child's another —  
 She'd always been a stormy, uncontrollable soul.  
 Some blamed the husband he had never reined her in,  
 Most pitied him a task impossible.  
 All waited the event on tiptoe —  
 It wasn't like other women, somehow, for her to have  
     a child.

The months passed, no child was born.  
Then other women sneered openly:  
She wanted one and couldn't — served her right.  
This lapse from the common law of wives  
Was all the fissure the sea required  
To force the dike with. Little by little then,  
The pressure of year on year,  
The pines and the two lives they hid  
Grew dubious, then disagreeable, then at last sinister.  
At this point the new generation took up  
Its inheritance, the habit of myth,  
And quite as a matter of course it found her hateful,  
Ugly, a symbol of sudden fear by darkened paths —  
Cross Patch!

And one by one the people who were young  
Beside her youth, moved off or died or changed,  
Forgetting her youth as they forgot their own;  
Until if ever she herself  
Had felt a sudden overwhelming pang  
To stop some old acquaintance on the road  
And stammer out, "You know — don't you — the girl  
I was —

I was not always *this*, was I?" she might have found  
A dozen at most to know the Sprite her youth,  
But none to clear the overtangled path  
That led from Sprite to Cross Patch; not one, not  
one,

But looking back would damn  
The very urge of joy in Sprite, and all its ardent  
spirit

For having mothered Cross Patch; not one, not one,  
To see the baffled womanhood she was,  
Orphan of hopes too bright, not mother of evil.  
And thus besieged on all sides by the present  
She fought against all sides, as if by fury  
To force one way to yield.

For both it was a nightmare, not a life, and neither  
Could well have told how it had ever begun;  
But once begun it seemed inevitable,  
A storm that settled darkly round their souls,  
Unwilled as winter,  
With moan of wind through sere and barren boughs  
And skies forever masked.  
The first blow of the quarrel had been hers,  
A blow unguessed by either, for she struck  
Like nature, not to hurt but to survive.  
But wrath accrued  
So soon thereafter that the blow seemed angry,  
And she struck out again with eyes and tongue  
Pursuing him, the angrier at his grief,  
Until in sheer defense he hit  
Not at herself, but at her blows, to ward them;  
Keeping the while  
His thought above the dark upon a star or so  
Fixed in the past. But she defended her wrath  
As part of her dignity and right: they stormed  
Up, up the hill and down,  
Increasing darkness to the end of life.  
Of him friends said  
He seemed like a lonely sentinel  
Posted against the very edge of doom,  
Whom no watch came relieving.  
"She'll kill him yet, the fool!" the woodpile's ver-  
dict  
Before the pipe went out for the last time,  
Leaving the pines unneighbored.

But he was wrong, the urn outlasted the flame.  
One night, hands at her throat, she came  
And knelt before him, timidly reaching out  
And trying to speak, to *speak*—struggling as if  
words

Were something still to learn.  
At last speech broke from her, so agonized  
He hardly knew if it were supreme wrath or supreme supplication:

*"You did not love me . . ."*

And as he bent to her he felt  
Her girlhood cry, a murdered thing returned.  
He hoped that it was wrath, as easier to endure,  
Feeling it burn from mind to heart, from heart to soul,

Gathering more awe, more terror, at each advance.  
Like a priest with sacrifice it passed  
The colonnades of his thought, entering without pause

An unknown altar of his being  
Behind a curtain never moved before.

*"You did not love me. . . ."*

Both gazed upon the sacrifice held up  
As though it were the bleeding heart of their own lives

Somehow no longer their own.

And then the priest returned, slowly, pace by pace,  
Out of the hush of feeling into the hush of thought.  
It was the priest and not himself, the man believed,  
Who like an echo, not less agonized,  
Whispered across the waste of many lives,  
Whispering "No . . ."

Whose heart, the man's or woman's, lowest stooped  
To raise the other prostrate heart aloft  
With supplication and consolement, urging it  
To live — *oh, live!* — dying itself the while,  
God knew before the beginning of the world.  
We only know that stooping so, dust turned to dust,  
All hearts meet at last.

*Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*     Horace Holley

## IN THE HOME STRETCH

She stood against the kitchen sink, and looked  
Over the sink out through a dusty window  
At weeds the water from the sink made tall.  
She wore her cape; her hat was in her hand.  
Behind her was confusion in the room,  
Of chairs turned upside down to sit like people  
In other chairs, and something, come to look,  
For every room a house has — parlor, bedroom,  
And dining-room — thrown pell-mell in the kitchen.  
And now and then a smudged, infernal face  
Looked in a door behind her and addressed  
Her back. She always answered without turning.  
“Where will I put this walnut bureau, lady?”

“Put it on top of something that’s on top  
Of something else,” she laughed. “Oh, put it where  
You can to-night, and go. It’s almost dark;  
You must be getting started back to town.”  
Another blackened face thrust in and looked  
And smiled, and when she did not turn, spoke gently,  
“What are you seeing out the window, lady?”

“Never was I beladied so before.  
Would evidence of having been called lady  
More than so many times make me a lady  
In common law, I wonder.”

“But I ask,  
What are you seeing out the window, lady?”

“What I’ll be seeing more of in the years  
To come as here I stand and go the round  
Of many plates with towels many times.”

“And what is that? You only put me off.”

"Rank weeds that love the water from the dish-pan  
More than some women like the dish-pan, Joe;  
A little stretch of mowing-field for you;  
Not much of that until I come to woods  
That end all. And it's scarce enough to call  
A view."

"And yet you think you like it, dear?"

"That's what you're so concerned to know! You  
hope

I like it. Bang goes something big away  
Off there up-stairs. The very tread of men  
As great as those is shattering to the frame  
Of such a little house. Once left alone,  
You and I, dear, will go with softer steps  
Up and down stairs and through the rooms, and none  
But sudden winds that snatch them from our hands  
Will ever slam the doors."

"I think you see  
More than you like to own to out that window."

"No; for beside the things I tell you of,  
I only see the years. They come and go  
In alternation with the weeds, the field,  
The wood."

"What kind of years?"

"Why, latter years —  
Different from early years."

"I see them, too.  
You didn't count them?"

"No, the further off  
So ran together that I didn't try to.  
It can scarce be that they would be in number  
We'd care to know, for we are not young now.  
And bang goes something else away off there.  
It sounds as if it were the men gone down,

And every crash meant one less to return  
To lighted city streets we, too, have known,  
But now are giving up for country darkness."

"Come from that window where you see too much  
for me,  
And take a livelier view of things from here.  
They're going. Watch this husky swarming up  
Over the wheel into the sky-high seat,  
Lighting his pipe now, squinting down his nose  
At the flame burning downward as he sucks it."

"See how it makes his nose-side bright, a proof  
How dark it's getting. Can you tell what time  
It is by that? Or by the moon? The new moon!  
What shoulder did I see her over? Neither.  
A wire she is of silver, as new as we  
To everything. Her light won't last us long.  
It's something, though, to know we're going to have  
her

Night after night and stronger every night  
To see us through our first two weeks. But, Joe,  
The stove! Before they go! Knock on the window;  
Ask them to help you get it on its feet.  
We stand here dreaming. Hurry! Call them back!"

"They're not gone yet."

"We've got to have the stove,  
Whatever else we want for. And a light.  
Have we a piece of candle if the lamp  
And oil are buried out of reach?"

Again

The house was full of trampling, and the dark,  
Door-filling men burst in and seized the stove.  
A cannon-mouth-like hole was in the wall,  
To which they set it true by eye; and then

Came up the jointed stovepipe in their hands,  
So much too light and airy for their strength  
It almost seemed to come ballooning up,  
Slipping from clumsy clutches toward the ceiling.  
"A fit!" said one and banged a stovepipe shoulder.  
"It's good luck when you move in to begin  
With good luck with your stovepipe. Never mind,  
It's not so bad in the country, settled down,  
When people're getting on in life. You'll like it."

Joe said: "You big boys ought to find a farm,  
And make good farmers, and leave other fellows  
The city work to do. There's not enough  
For everybody as it is in there."

"God!" one said wildly, and, when no one spoke:  
"Say that to Jimmy here. He needs a farm."  
But Jimmy only made his jaw recede  
Fool-like, and rolled his eyes as if to say  
He saw himself a farmer. Then there was a French  
boy

Who said with seriousness that made them laugh,  
"Ma friend, you ain't know what it is you're ask."  
He doffed his cap, and held it with both hands  
Across his chest to make as 't were a speech,  
"We're giving you our chances on de farm."  
And then they all turned to with deafening boots  
And put each other bodily out of the house.

"Good-by to them! We puzzle them. They think —  
I don't know what they think we see in what  
They leave us to. That pasture slope that seems  
The back some farm presents us; and your woods  
To northward from your window at the sink.  
Waiting to steal a step on us whenever  
We drop our eyes or turn to other things,  
As in the game 'Ten-step' the children play."



"Good boys they seemed, and let them love the city.  
All they could say was 'God!' when you proposed  
Their coming out and making useful farmers."

"Did they make something lonesome go through you?  
It would take more than them to sicken you —  
Us of our bargain. But they left us so  
As to our fate, like fools past reasoning with.  
They almost shook me."

"It's all so much  
What we have always wanted, I confess  
Its seeming bad for a moment makes it seem  
Even worse still, and so on down, down, down.  
It's nothing; it's their leaving us at dusk.  
I never bore it well when people went.  
The first night after guests have gone, the house  
Seems haunted or exposed. I always take  
A personal interest in the locking up  
At bedtime; but the strangeness soon wears off."

He fetched a dingy lantern from behind  
A door. "There's that we didn't lose! And these!"  
Some matches he unpocketed. "For food —  
The meals we've had no one can take from us.  
I wish that everything on earth were just  
As certain as the meals we've had. I wish  
The meals we haven't had were, anyway.  
What have you you know where to lay your hands  
on?"

"The bread we bought in passing at the store.  
There's butter somewhere, too."

"Let's rend the bread.  
I'll light the fire for company for you;  
You'll not have any other company  
Till Ed begins to get out on a Sunday  
To look us over and give us his idea

Of what wants pruning, shingling, breaking up.  
He'll know what he would do if he were we,  
And all at once. He'll plan for us and plan  
To help us, but he'll take it out in planning.  
Well, you can set the table with the loaf.  
Let's see you find your loaf. I'll light the fire.  
I like chairs occupying other chairs  
Not offering a lady —"

"There again, Joe!

*You're tired."*

"I'm drunk-nonsensical tired out;  
Don't mind a word I say. It's a day's work  
To empty one house of all household goods  
And fill another with 'em fifteen miles away,  
Although you do no more than dump them down."

"Dumped down in paradise we are and happy."

"It's all so much what I have always wanted,  
I can't believe it's what you wanted, too."

"Shouldn't you like to know?"

"I'd like to know

If it is what you wanted, then how much  
You wanted it for me."

"A troubled conscience!

You don't want me to tell if I don't know."

"I don't want to find out what can't be known.  
But who first said the word to come?"

"My dear,

It's who first thought the thought. You're searching,  
Joe,

For things that don't exist; I mean beginnings.  
Ends and beginnings — there are no such things.  
There are only middles."

"What is this?"

"This life?"

Our sitting here by lantern-light together  
Amid the wreckage of a former home?  
You won't deny the lantern isn't new.  
The stove is not, and you are not to me,  
Nor I to you."

"Perhaps you never were?"

"It would take me forever to recite  
All that's not new in where we find ourselves.  
New is a word for fools in towns who think  
Style upon style in dress, and thought at last  
Must get somewhere. I've heard you say as much.  
No, this is no beginning."

"Then an end?"

"End is a gloomy word."

"Is it too late

To drag you out for just a good-night call  
On the old peach-trees on the knoll to grope  
By starlight in the grass for a last peach  
The neighbors may not have taken as their right  
When the house wasn't lived in? I've been looking:  
I doubt if they have left us many grapes.  
Before we set ourselves to right the house,  
The first thing in the morning, out we go  
And go the round of apple, cherry, peach,  
Pine, alder, pasture, mowing, well, and brook.  
All of a farm it is."

"I know this much:

I'm going to put you in your bed, if first  
I have to make you build it. Come, the light."

When there was no more lantern in the kitchen,  
Out got the fire through crannies in the stove

And danced in yellow wrigglers on the ceiling,  
As much at home as if they'd always danced there.

*The Century Magazine*

*Robert Frost*

### THE UNFORGIVEN

When he, who is the unforgiven,  
Did find her first, he found her fair:  
No promise ever dreamt in heaven  
Could then have lured him anywhere  
That would have been away from there;  
And all his wits had lightly striven,  
Foiled with her voice, and eyes, and hair.

There's nothing in the saints and sages  
To meet the shafts her glances had,  
Or such as hers have had for ages,  
To blind a man till he be glad,  
And humble him till he be mad:  
The story would have many pages,  
And would be neither good nor bad.

And, having followed, you would find him  
Where properly the play begins;  
But look for no red light behind him —  
No fumes of many-colored sins,  
Fanned high by screaming violins.  
God knows what good it was to blind him,  
Or whether man or woman wins.

And by the same eternal token,  
Who knows just how it will all end? —  
This drama of hard words unspoken,  
This fireside farce, without a friend  
Or enemy to comprehend

What augurs when two lives are broken,  
And fear finds nothing left to mend.

He stares in vain for what awaits him,  
And sees in Love a coin to toss;  
He smiles, and her cold hush berates him  
Beneath his hard half of the cross;  
They wonder why it ever was;  
And she, the unforgiving, hates him  
More for her lack than for her loss.

He feeds with pride his indecision,  
And shrinks from what will not occur,  
Bequeathing with infirm derision  
His ashes to the days that were,  
Before she made him prisoner;  
And labors to retrieve the vision  
That he must once have had of her.

He waits, and there awaits an ending,  
And he knows neither what nor when;  
But no magicians are attending  
To make him see as he saw then,  
And he will never find again  
The face that once had been the rending  
Of all his purpose among men.

He blames her not, nor does he chide her,  
And she has nothing new to say;  
If he were Bluebeard he could hide her,  
But that's not written in the play,  
And there will be no change to-day;  
Although, to the serene outsider,  
There still would seem to be a way.

*Scribner's Magazine*    *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

## FORGIVENESS

Now God be thanked that roads are long and wide,  
And four far havens in the scattered sky.  
It would be hard to meet and pass you by.

And God be praised there is an end of pride,  
And pity only has a word to say,  
While memory grows dim as time grows gray.

For, God His word, I gave my best to you,  
All that I had, the finer and the sweet,  
To make — a path for your unquiet feet.

Their track is on the life you trampled through —  
Such evil steps to leave such hallowing.  
Now God be with you in your wandering!

*Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*  
*Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C.*

## DIRGE

Never the nightingale,  
Oh, my dear,  
Never again the lark,  
Thou wilt hear.  
Though dusk and the morning still  
Tap at thy window-sill,  
Though ever love call and call,  
Thou wilt not hear at all,  
My dear, my dear.

*The Century Magazine*                      *Adelaide Crapsey*

## AT THE PICTURE-SHOW

She sits with eyes intent upon the screen,  
A quiet woman with work-hardened hands.  
Beside her squirms an eager, shock-head boy;  
Upon her lap a little rumpled girl  
With petalled cheek and bright, play-roughened hair;  
While, bulwark of the little family group,  
Her husband looms, with one unconscious arm  
Lying along her chair-back. So they come  
Often, and for a few cents, more or less,  
Slip through the wicket-gate of wonderment  
That bounds the beaten paths of everyday.  
The Indians and the horses thrill the boy  
With dreams of great adventure; the big man  
Likes the great bridges, and the curious lore  
Of alien folk in other lands; the child  
Laughs at the funny way the people die.  
And she?

The way the hero's overcoat  
Sets to his shoulders; or a lock of hair  
Tossed back impatiently; or else a smile,  
A visible sigh, an eyebrow lifted, so,—  
They touch strange, buried, dispossessed old dreams.  
And while her hand plays with the baby's curls  
Unthinking, once again she sees the face  
That swayed her youth as ocean tides are swayed  
Until she broke her heart to save her soul . . .  
And fled back to her native town . . . and left  
In the gray canyons of the city streets  
All the high hopes of youth. . . .

She has picked up  
Her life since then, and made a goodly thing  
Out of the fragments; that is written plain  
Upon the simple page for all to see.

I fancy that she hardly thinks of him  
Through all her wholesome days; but when, at night  
They go a-voyaging across the screen,  
And suddenly a street-lamp throws a gleam  
On a wet pavement . . . a man sits alone  
On a park bench . . . or else goes swinging past  
With that expression to his overcoat. . . .  
She does not pick this player-man, or that,  
But all the heroes have some trick of his. . . .

*The Yale Review*

*Karle Wilson Baker*

## MOODS

### I

#### AN ASTRONOMER

On a lone hillside  
A Navajo shepherd  
Wrapt in his blanket,  
Hugged his knees,  
Dreamed into the night —  
A wisp of a crescent,  
A sky full of stars —  
In his thought  
He was asking:  
"Do my lanterns  
Shine up to the stars?"

### II

#### A VASE OF CHINESE IVORY

In the museum  
It had no name:  
It was only the life work  
Of one almond-eyed heathen —



Just one of a million!  
Look closer  
And you will see  
A soul,  
Unique and beautiful!

### III

#### MESSAGES

He plodded along  
The deep-rutted road,  
The old farmer,  
Face as red as sumach,  
Wind-colored;  
Happy.  
The bee-drone hum  
Of wires overhead  
Was song and laughter to him.  
Yet the wires were laden  
With messages of strife, and sorrow,  
and sin.

### IV

#### THE HEIGHTS

Alone,  
On a high mountain trail;  
I drew strength from out the sky;  
My thoughts went out  
Like my shadow at sunset:  
I grew great as my shadow at sunset.

## SOLITUDE

Youth!  
 If there be madness  
 In your soul,  
 Go to the mountain solitudes  
 Where you can grow up  
 To your madness.

*The Little Review*

*David O'Neil*

## THE KEEPER OF THE LOCK

"The rich are talking of their money's worth,  
 And the quiet lock must go.  
 They're going to choke our blue canal with earth,  
 And a road for public show.

"I've let the narrow boats slip in and out  
 These thirty years and more.  
 It will be hard to wake and turn about,  
 When a dream was at my door,

"A dream of sun and slanting meadow-croft,  
 And a bright waterway,  
 And boats, like sea-gulls, rising, settling soft.  
 Well,—the dream-birds never stay!

"The motors will come lavishing their smell  
 At every hour, and mock  
 Our quietness with every hoot of hell,"  
 Said the keeper of the lock.

"I love the lock with its banks of moss and vine,"  
 Said the daughter Marjory,

" But the days are dull with never an outward sign.  
Now the world will come to me.

" I shall be glad to hear new voices ring,  
To discover some new face,  
To see the luck of cities have its fling  
In this wide and silent place."

" The motors will be snorting dust to dim  
The hedge, the hollyhock,  
And killing all the air for pleasure's whim,"  
Said the keeper of the lock.

" It will be good to see long rows of light  
Stretch to infinity,  
And rosy car on car flash out of sight,"  
Said the daughter Marjory.

Said the keeper of the lock: " They've driven their  
knife,—  
For the lock is life to me! "  
" It will be good to know a bit of life,"  
Said the daughter Marjory.

*The Poetry Review of America*      *Agnes Lee*

### NIMMO'S EYES

Since you remember Nimmo, and arrive  
At such a false and florid and far-drawn  
Confusion of odd nonsense, I connive  
No longer, though I may have led you on.

So much is told and heard and told again,  
So many with his legend are engrossed,

That I, more sorry now than I was then,  
May live on to be sorry for his ghost.

We all remember Nimmo, and his eyes,—  
How deep they were, and what a velvet light  
Came out of them when anger or surprise,  
Or laughter, or Francesca, made them bright.

You must remember Nimmo's eyes, I think,—  
And you say not a word of them. Well, well,  
I wonder if all history's worth a wink,  
Sometimes, or if my tale is one to tell.

For they began to lose their velvet light;  
Their fire grew dead without and small within;  
And many of you deplored the needless fight  
That somewhere in the dark there must have been.

All fights are needless, when they're not our own,—  
But Nimmo and Francesca never fought.  
Remember that; and when you are alone,  
Remember me — and think what I have thought.

And think of Nimmo's eyes; and if you can,  
Remember something in them that was wrong.  
A casual thing to ask of any man,  
You tell me,— and you laugh? You won't laugh long.

Now, mind you, I say nothing of what was,  
Or never was, or could or could not be:  
Bring not suspicion's candle to the glass  
That mirrors a friend's face to memory.

Of what you see, see all,— but see no more;  
For what I show you here will not be there.  
The devil has had his way with paint before,  
And he's an artist,— and you needn't stare.

There was a painter and he painted well:  
He'd paint you Daniel in the lions' den,  
Beelzebub, Elaine, or William Tell.  
I'm coming back to Nimmo's eyes again.

The painter put the devil in those eyes,  
Unless the devil did, and there he stayed;  
And then the lady fled from paradise,  
And there's your fact. The lady was afraid.

She must have been afraid, or may have been,  
Of evil in their velvet all the while;  
But sure as I'm a sinner with a skin,  
I'll trust the man as long as he can smile.

I trust him who can smile and then may live  
In my heart's house, where Nimmo is to-day.  
God knows if I have more than men forgive  
To tell him; but I played, and I shall pay.

I knew him then, and if I know him yet,  
I know in him, defeated and estranged,  
The calm of men forbidden to forget  
The calm of women who have loved and changed.

But there are ways that are beyond our ways,  
Or he would not be calm and she be mute,  
As one by one their lost and empty days  
Pass without even the warmth of a dispute.

God help us all when women think they see,  
God save us when they do. I'm fair; but though  
I know him only as he looks to me,  
I know him,—and I tell Francesca so.

She makes an epic of an episode,  
I tell her, and the toil is ruinous;

And I may tell her till I go the road  
We find alone, the best and worst of us.

And what of Nimmo? Little would you ask  
Of Nimmo, could you see him as I can,  
At his bewildered and unfruitful task  
Of being what he always was — a man.

Better forget that I said anything  
Of what your tortured memory may disclose;  
I know him, and your worst remembering  
Would count as much as nothing, I suppose.

Meanwhile, I trust him; for I know his way  
Of being Nimmo now as in his youth.  
I'm painting here a better man, you say,  
Than I, the painter, and you say the truth.

*Scribner's Magazine. Edwin Arlington Robinson*

### SIMON SURNAMED PETER

Time that has lifted you over them all —  
O'er John and o'er Paul;  
Writ you in capitals, made you the chief  
Word on the leaf —  
How did you, Peter, when ne'er on His breast  
You leaned and were blest —  
And none except Judas and you broke the faith  
To the day of His death,—  
You, Peter, the fisherman, worthy of blame,  
Arise to this fame?

'Twas you in the garden who fell into sleep  
And the watch failed to keep,

When Jesus was praying and pressed with the weight  
Of the oncoming fate.

'Twas you in the court of the palace who warmed  
Your hands as you stormed  
At the damsel, denying Him thrice, when she cried:  
"He walked at his side!"

You, Peter, a wave, a star among clouds, a reed in  
the wind,

A guide of the blind,  
Both smiter and flyer, but human always, I protest,  
Beyond all the rest.

When at night by the boat on the sea He appeared,  
Did you wait till he neared?

You leaped in the water, not dreading the worst  
In your joy to be first

To greet Him and tell Him of all that had passed  
Since you saw Him the last.

You had slept while He watched, but fierce were you,  
fierce and awake

When they sought Him to take,

And cursing, no doubt, as you smote off, as one of  
the least,

The ear of the priest.

Then Andrew and all of them fled, but you followed  
Him, hoping for strength

To save him at length

Till you lied to the damsel, oh penitent Peter, and  
crept,

Into hiding and wept.

Oh well! But he asked all the twelve, "Who am  
I?"

And who made reply?

As you leaped in the sea, so you spoke as you smote  
with the sword;  
"Thou art Christ, even Lord!"  
John leaned on His breast, but he asked you, your  
strength to foresee,  
"Nay, lovest thou me?"  
Thrice over, as thrice you denied Him, and chose you  
to lead  
His sheep and to feed;  
And gave you, He said, the keys of the den and the  
fold  
To have and to hold.  
You were a poor jailer, oh Peter, the dreamer, who  
saw  
The death of the law  
In the dream of the vessel that held all the four-  
footed beasts,  
Unclean for the priests;  
And heard in the vision a trumpet that all men are  
worth  
The peace of the earth  
And rapture of heaven hereafter,—oh Peter, what  
power  
Was yours in that hour:  
You warder and jailer and sealer of fates and de-  
crees,  
To use the big keys  
With which to reveal and fling wide all the soul and  
the scheme  
Of the Galilee dream,  
When you flashed in a trice, as later you smote with  
the sword:  
"Thou art Christ, even Lord!"  
We men, Simon Peter, we men also give you the  
crown  
O'er Paul and o'er John.



We write you in capitals, make you the chief  
 Word on the leaf.  
 We know you as one of our flesh, and 'tis well  
 You are warder of hell,  
 And heaven's gatekeeper forever to bind and to  
 loose —  
 Keep the keys if you choose.  
 Not rock of you, fire of you make you sublime  
 In the annals of time.  
 You were called by Him, Peter, a rock, but we give  
 you the name  
 Of Peter the Flame.  
 For you struck a spark, as the spark from the shock  
 Of steel upon rock.  
 The rock has his use but the flame gives the light  
 In the way in the night: —  
 Oh, Peter, the dreamer, impetuous, human, divine,  
 Gnarled branch of the vine!

*Reedy's Mirror*

*Edgar Lee Masters*

## MIRACLES

### I

Twilight is spacious, near things in it seem far,  
 And distant things seem near.  
 Now in the green west hangs a yellow star.  
 And now across old waters you may hear  
 The profound gloom of bells among still trees,  
 Like a rolling of huge boulders beneath seas.

Silent as though in evening contemplation  
 Weaves the bat under the gathering stars.  
 Silent as dew we seek new incarnation,  
 Meditate new avatars.  
 In a clear dusk like this

Mary climbed up the hill to seek her son,  
To lower him down from the cross, and kiss  
The mauve wounds, every one.

Men with wings  
In the dusk walked softly after her.  
She did not see them, but may have felt  
The winnowed air around her stir.  
She did not see them, but may have known  
Why her son's body was light as a little stone.  
She may have guessed that other hands were there  
Moving the watchful air.

Now, unless persuaded by searching music  
Which suddenly opens the portals of the mind,  
We guess no angels,  
And are content to be blind.  
Let us blow silver horns in the twilight.  
And lift our hearts to the yellow star in the green,  
To find, perhaps, if while the dew is rising,  
Clear things may not be seen.

## II

Under a tree I sit, and cross my knees,  
And smoke a cigarette.  
You nod to me: you think perhaps you know me.  
But I escape you, I am none of these;  
I leave my name behind me, I forget . . .

I hear a fountain shattering into a pool;  
I see the gold fish slanting under the cool;  
And suddenly all is frozen into silence.  
And among the firs, or over desert grass,  
Or out of a cloud of dust, or out of darkness,  
Or on the first slow patter of sultry rain,

I hear a voice cry "Marvels have come to pass,—  
The like of which shall not be seen again!"

And behold, across a sea one came to us,  
Treading the wave's edge with his naked feet,  
Slowly, as one might walk in a ploughed field.  
We stood where the soft waves on the shingle beat,  
In a blowing mist, and pressed together in terror,  
And marvelled that all our eyes might share one  
error.

For if the fishes' fine-spun net must sink,  
Or pebbles flung by a boy, or the thin sand,  
How shall we understand  
That flesh and blood might tread on the sea water  
And foam not wet the ankles? We must think  
That all we know is lost, or only a dream,  
That dreams are real, and real things only dream.

And if a man may walk to us like this  
On the unstable sea, as on a beach,  
With his head bowed in thought —  
Then we have been deceived in what men teach;  
And all our knowledge has come to nought;  
And a little flame should seek the earth,  
And leaves, falling, should seek the sky,  
And surely we should enter the womb for birth,  
And sing from the ashes when we die.

Or was the man a god, perhaps, or devil?  
They say he healed the sick by stroke of hands;  
And that he gave the sights of the earth to the blind.  
And I have heard that he could touch a fig-tree,  
And say to it, "Be withered!" and it would shrink  
Like a cursed thing, and writhe its leaves, and die.

How shall we understand such things, I wonder,  
Unless there are things invisible to the eye?

And there was Lazarus, raised from the dead:  
To whom he spoke, quietly, in the dusk,—  
Lazarus, three days dead, and mortified;  
And the pale body trembled; as from a swoon,  
Sweating, the sleeper woke, and raised his head;  
And turned his puzzled eyes from side to side . . .

Should we not, then, hear voices in a stone,  
Whispering softly of heaven and hell?  
Or if one walked beside a sea, alone,  
Hear broodings of a bell? . . .  
Or on a green hill in the evening's fire,  
If we should stand and listen to poplar trees,  
Should we not hear the lit leaves suddenly choir  
A jargon of silver music against the sky? . . .  
Or the dew sing, or dust profoundly cry? . . .  
If this is possible, then all things are:  
And I may leave my body crumpled there  
Like an old garment on the floor;  
To walk abroad on the unbetraying air;  
To pass through every door,  
And see the hills of the earth, or climb a star.

Wound me with spears, you only stab the wind;  
You nail my cloak against a bitter tree;  
You do not injure me.

I pass through the crowd, the dark crowd busy with  
murder,  
Through the linked arms I pass;  
And slowly descend the hill through dew-wet grass.

### III

Twilight is spacious, near things in it seem far,  
And distant things seem near.  
Now in the green west hangs a yellow star;  
And now across old waters you may hear  
The profound gloom of bells among still trees,  
Like a rolling of huge boulders beneath seas.

Peter said that Christ, though crucified,  
Had not died;  
But that escaping from his cerements,  
In human flesh, with mortal sense,  
Amazed at such an ending,  
He fled alone, and hid in Galilee,  
And lived in secret, spending  
His days and nights, perplexed, in contemplation:  
And did not know if this were surely he.

Did Peter tell me this? Or was I Peter?  
Or did I listen to a tavern-story?  
Green leaves thrust out and fall. It was long ago.  
Dust has been heaped upon us. . . . We have per-  
ished.  
We clamor again. And again we are dust and blow.

Well, let us take the music, and drift with it  
Into the darkness. . . . It is exquisite.

*The Poetry Journal*

*Conrad Aiken*

### NIGHT FOR ADVENTURES

Sometimes when fragrant summer dusk comes in with  
scent of rose and musk  
And scatters from their sable husk the stars like  
yellow grain,

Oh then the ancient longing comes that lures me like  
a roll of drums  
To follow where the cricket strums his banjo in the  
lane.

And when the August moon comes up and like a shallow silver cup  
Pours out upon the fields and roads her amber-colored beams,  
A leafy whisper mounts and calls from out the forest's moss-grown halls  
To leave the city's somber walls and take the road o' dreams.  
A call that bids me rise and strip, and naked all from toe to lip  
To wander where the dewdrops drip from off the silent trees,  
And where the hairy spiders spin their nets of silver, fragile-thin,  
And out to where the fields begin, like down upon the breeze.

Into a silver pool to plunge, and like a great trout wheel and lunge  
Among the lily bonnets and the stars reflected there;  
With face upturned to lie afloat, with moonbeams rippling round my throat,  
And from the slimy grasses plait a chaplet for my hair.

Then, leaping from my rustic bath, to take some winding meadow-path;  
Across the fields of aftermath to run with flying feet,

And feel the dewdrop-weighted grass that bends be-  
neath me as I pass,  
Where solemn trees in shadowy mass beyond the  
highway meet.

And, plunging deep within the woods, among the leaf-  
hung solitudes  
Where scarce one timid star intrudes into the breath-  
less gloom,  
Go leaping down some fern-hid way to scare the rab-  
bits in their play,  
And see the owl, a phantom gray, drift by on silent  
plume.

To fling me down at length and rest upon some damp  
and mossy nest,  
And hear the choir of surpliced frogs strike up a  
bubbling tune;  
And watch, above the dreaming trees, Orion and the  
Hyades  
And all the stars, like golden bees around the lily-  
moon.

Then who can say if I have gone a-gipsying from  
dusk till dawn  
In company with fay and faun, where firefly-lan-  
terns gleam?  
And have I danced on cobwebs thin to Master Locust's  
mandolin —  
Or have I spent the night in bed, and was it all  
a dream?

*Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*    *Victor Starbuck*

## “FOOD O’ MOON’S BEAMS”

Athin the even’s hour  
When shadow purpleth the garden’s wall  
Then sit thee there adream  
And cunger thee from out the pack o’ me.  
Yea, speak thou and tell to me  
What ’tis thou hearest here.

A rustling? Yea, aright.  
A murmuring? Yea, aright.  
Ah then, thou sayest ’tis the leaves  
That love one ’pon the other.  
Yea, and the murmuring, thou sayest  
Is but the streamlet’s hum.

Nay. Nay. For wait thee,  
Ayonder o’er the wall doth rise  
Thy white-faced sister o’ the sky.  
And lo, she beareth thee a fairie’s wand,  
And showeth thee the ghosts of dreams.

Look thou! Ah, look! A one  
Doth step adown the path! The rustle?  
’Tis the silken whisper o’ her robe.  
The hum? The lovenote o’ her maiden dream.  
See thee! Ah see, she bendeth there  
And branch o’ bloom doth nod and dance.  
Hark, the note! A robin’s cheer?  
Ah, brother, nay,  
’Tis the whistle o’ her lover’s pipe.  
See! See! The path e’en now  
Doth show him, tall and dark, aside the gate.

What! What! Thou sayest  
’Tis but rustle o’ the leaves



And brooklet's humming o'er the stony path!  
Then hush. Yea, hush thee!  
Hush and leave me here.  
The fairy wand hath broke and leaves  
Stand still, and note hath ceased  
And maiden vanished with thy word.

Thou, thou hast broke the spell  
And dream hath heard thy word and fled.  
Yea, sunk, sunk upon the path,  
They of my dreams, slain, slain  
And dead with but thy word.  
Ah, leave me here, and go,  
For Earth doth hold not  
E'en my dreaming's wraith.

*Reedy's Mirror*

*Patience Worth*

## EVENSONG

*This song is of no importance,  
I will only improvise;  
Yet, maybe, here and there,  
Suddenly from these sounds a chord will start  
And piercingly touch my heart.*

### I

In the pale mauve twilight, streaked with orange,  
Exquisitely sweet,—  
She leaned upon her balcony and looked across the  
street;  
And across the huddled roofs of the misty city,  
Across the hills of tenements, so gray,  
She looked into the west with a young and infinite  
pity,

With a young and wistful pity, as if to say  
The dark was coming, and irresistible night,  
Which man would attempt to meet  
With here and there a little flickering light. . . .  
The orange faded, the housetops all were black,  
And a strange and beautiful quiet  
Came unexpected, came exquisitely sweet,  
On market-place and street;  
And where were lately crowds and sounds and riot  
Was a gentle blowing of wind, a murmur of leaves,  
A single step, or voice, and under the eaves  
The scrambling of sparrows; and then the hush swept  
back.

II

She leaned upon her balcony, in the darkness,  
Folding her hands beneath her chin;  
And watched the lamps begin  
Here and there to pierce like eyes the darkness,—  
From windows, luminous rooms,  
And from the damp dark street  
Between the moving branches, and the leaves with  
rain still sweet.  
It was strange: the leaves thus seen,  
With the lamplight's cold bright glare thrown up  
among them,—  
The restless maple leaves,  
Twinkling their myriad shadows beneath the eaves,—  
Were lovelier, almost, than with sunlight on them,  
So bright they were with young translucent green;  
Were lovelier, almost, than with moonlight on  
them. . . .  
And looking so wistfully across the city,  
With such a young, and wise, and infinite pity  
For the girl who had no lover  
To walk with her along a street like this,

With slow steps in the rain, both aching for a kiss,—  
It seemed as if all evenings were the same,  
As if all evenings came  
With just such tragic peacefulness as this;  
With just such hint of loneliness or pain,  
The quiet after rain.

III

Would her lover, then, grow old sooner than she,  
And find a night like this too damp to walk?  
Would he prefer to stay indoors and talk,  
Or read the evening paper, while she sewed, or darned  
a sock,  
And listened to the ticking of the clock:  
Would he prefer it to lamplight on a tree?  
Would he be old and tired,  
And, having all the comforts he desired,  
Take no interest in the twilight coming down  
So beautifully and quietly on the town?  
Would her lover, then, grow old sooner than she?

IV

A neighbor started singing, singing a child to sleep.  
It was strange: a song thus heard,—  
In the misty evening, after an afternoon of rain,—  
Seemed more beautiful than happiness, more beautiful  
than pain,  
Seemed to escape the music and the word,  
Only, somehow, to keep  
A warmth that was lovelier than the song of any  
bird.  
Was it because it came up through this tree,  
Through the lucent leaves that twinkled on this tree,  
With the bright lamp there beneath them in the street?  
It was exquisitely sweet:

So unaffected, so unconscious that it was heard.  
Or was it because she looked across the city,  
Across the hills of tenements, so black,  
And thought of all the mothers with a young and  
infinite pity? . . .  
The child had fallen asleep, the hush swept back,  
The leaves hung lifeless on the tree.

v

It was too bad the sky was dark.  
A cat came slinking close along the wall.  
For the moon was full just now, and in the park,  
If the sky were clear at all,  
The lovers upon the moonlight grass would sprawl,  
And whisper in the shadows, and laugh, and there  
She would be going, maybe, with a white rose in her  
hair . . .  
But would youth at last grow weary of these things,  
Of the ribbons and the laces,  
And the latest way of putting up one's hair?  
Would she no longer care,  
In that undiscovered future of recurring springs,  
If, growing old and plain, she no longer turned the  
faces  
And saw the people stare?  
Would she hear music and not yearn  
To take her lover's arm for one more turn? . . .  
The leaves hung breathless on the dripping maple  
tree,  
The man across the street was going out.  
It was the evening made her think such things, no  
doubt.  
But would her lover grow old sooner than she? . . .  
Only the evening made her think such things, no  
doubt. . . .

And yet, and yet,—  
 Seeing the tired city, and the trees so still and wet,—  
 It seemed as if all evenings were the same;  
 As if all evenings came,  
 Despite her smile at thinking of a kiss,  
 With just such tragic peacefulness as this;  
 With just such hint of loneliness or pain;  
 The perfect quiet that comes after rain.

*The Poetry Review of America*    Conrad Aiken

### THE INN OF THE FIVE CHIMNEYS

*It had five chimneys, had that Inn,  
 (As every man has senses five,  
 The while upon earth he bides alive)  
 And rumor said it was soiled with sin!*

The clapboards, warped and gray, showed stains  
 Of more than an hundred autumn rains;  
 No birds sang about the eaves,  
 Only the leaves, only the leaves,  
 Murmured in a minor weird  
 As though they shrank, as though they feared,—  
 Feared some blind, inscrutable thing,  
 And ever they kept on murmuring.  
 Upon the window-panes the dust  
 Was caked and cracked like a wizened crust,—  
 A grimy crust that none would touch  
 Unless he felt gaunt famine's clutch.  
 Mould made dank and dark each door,  
 And every lintel and every floor  
 With the drifting silt of the years was deep;  
 And shapes that crawl and writhe and creep  
 Traced strange arabesques over all.

*It had five chimneys, had that Inn,  
And rumor said it was soiled with sin!*

Above, in the long low dancing-hall,  
You could hear the death-watch in the wall,  
A sound that seemed to jibe and mock  
Like the eerie tick of a ghostly clock.  
In every corner and crevice hung  
Spider-tapestries that clung  
To the crumbling mortar,—grim festoons;  
And the wraith of ancient rigadoons  
Floated faintly, as though unseen  
Fiddlers fingered the chorded bow,  
And maskers, antic of garb and mien,  
Flitted in sinuous to and fro.

*It had five chimneys, had that Inn,  
And rumor said it was soiled with sin!*

And every chamber, wide and bare,  
Breathed on the dim and moated air  
Spectral echoings,—doubts and fears,  
Hates and loves of the parted years;  
And every hallway and every stair  
Creaked and groaned with the gruesome tread  
Of those long silent, of those long dead,—  
Youth, in its radiant rainbow guise;  
Wrinkled Age, with its shrunken eyes;  
Honor, garbed in the mail of Trust;  
Poverty, Riches and slinking Lust;  
Oh, what a motley!—vanished quite  
Into the vastnesses of night!

*It had five chimneys, had that Inn,  
And rumor said it was soiled with sin!*

And so I left it standing still  
And stark by the crossroads under the hill,  
With its sagging roof and its rotting beams,  
And all of its tangled maze of dreams.  
But it holds me, aye, it haunts me yet,  
Like a hooded vision of Regret,  
Though I fain would say to it, "Be gone!"  
As to the night mists saith the dawn.  
And yet I needs must let it dwell  
In memory till some happy spell  
Shall bid it be invisible!  
Come, healing spirit, and touch my soul,  
And make it sweet and sane and whole!

*It had five chimneys, had that Inn,  
(As every man has senses five,  
The while upon earth he bides alive)  
And rumor said it was soiled with sin!*

*The Poetry Journal*

*Clinton Scollard*

## END AND BEGINNING

The world of the elder gods is aflame. The smoke  
of its burning,  
Heavy with fumes of carnage, darkens the shuddering  
skies.  
Tortured flesh in ashes to tortured earth is returning.  
Baldur the Beautiful, rise!

Rise, for this is thine hour. The mighty who said they  
had slain thee,  
Stretch their stiffening hands to a redly perishing  
prize.

Thou who hast bided thy time in the tomb that could  
not retain thee,

Baldur the Beautiful, rise!

Spirit of light and freedom, behold thy foundation is  
ready.

Dust and blood and tears, the glory of empire lies.

Wonderful over the waste, strong as the sun and as  
steady,

Baldur the Beautiful, rise!

*The Bellman*

*Amelia Josephine Burr*

## BUTTADEUS

*(A Battle Episode of July, 1915)*

I understand: that smoke-cloud is Souchez  
(Your gunners know their craft!); that is Ablain,  
Or was Ablain; this dust and shattered stone,  
The chapel of Our Lady of Lorette;  
And there you fought, that frenzied middle May,  
From spur to spur along this torn Plateau,  
From trench to trench; and there your burrowing  
bombs

Tossed from their graves the rotting Teuton dead  
To mix with these new slaughtered . . .

You are blest

Who, for the winged and visioning spirit of France,  
Tread God's permitted way to splendid death!  
If I could also die . . .

Yes; I am old,

Old by uncounted battles. Friends, I saw  
Jerusalem fall! I saw the sacred hill  
Boil horribly skyward from a plain of dead,  
A mount of blood and flame. I saw the walls,



The strength of Zion, razed to earth. I lived  
Whilst they, a million, five score thousand, died  
Of pestilence and hunger, fire and sword.

You smile.— This is not dotage: I am he,  
The cobbler— surely you have heard the tale—  
Who, buffeting the Master (whence my name  
Buttadeus, God-smiter), bade him go,  
He fainting on my threshold 'neath the cross.  
“ I go,” he said; “ wait thou until I come,  
Ahasuerus!” . . . I am waiting still . . .

Smile on, French comrades! If I too could smile,  
Perchance I too could die! . . . In your dear tongue,  
Tongue of the Midi, I am Boutedieu;  
I am the watcher of the wars of earth;  
I am the witness of the man he was;  
I am the prophet of his peace. Smile on!

Great war? World war? I hear you call it so—  
Well, you have seen but this, while I have seen  
Blood reddening nineteen hundred rings of growth  
Of the fair tree of Christ, that tree whose roots  
Suck from the muck of earth the living sap  
That flowers in man's consciousness of God.

Great war? This is a skirmish! Good and ill  
Fight out their age-long battle and shall fight  
Till heaven's kingdom, even as he said,  
Is all in all within us . . .

Peace? Peace? Peace?  
While wrong is wrong let no man prate of peace!  
He did not prate, the Master. Nay, he smote!  
I am his witness and this thing I saw:

It was the Passover. The Gentiles' Court  
Was thronged with hucksters; and I too was there

Yelping my string of sandals; and the beasts  
Bellowed and bleated, while the cries of greed,  
The filthy word, the reek of sweat, steamed up  
The sacred steps, across the Women's Court,  
Even to the Holy Place. And as I yelped  
He came swift striding, silent, sackcloth-girt,  
Wielding a mighty scourge. No flagellant's toy  
It was that purged the Temple! Shittim-wood,  
Hard, heavy, fashioned by his craftsman hands,  
With ropes, hard, heavy, knotted at the ends,  
Bone-biting. See! these old, old scars will show  
Whether his arm could strike, trained to the axe,  
To hew the plow-beam, shape the oxen's yoke  
(His yokes were easy, said the Nazarenes)  
And fell the oak and gopher. Through the Court  
He strode, with stroke on axeman's stroke, his hair  
Sweat-matted, in every sinew righteousness  
That wrought the will of God by wrath of man!  
And there were shrieks of fear and snarls of pain  
And blood and bruises, as those hewing stripes  
Fell on our thieving backs — and mine was one.  
And when the Court was purged and all was calm,  
He turned him to the common folk he loved  
And spake the words you know. But words and  
blows  
And these dear witness scars mean only this:  
"While wrong is wrong let no man prate of peace!"

You nod, French comrades, looking grimly down  
On lost Souchez, on shattered Givenchy,  
And the white road to Lens. You understand  
The godlike flame and frenzy of the man;  
You think of Belgium, all her ruins and wrongs,  
A den of thieves, a temple still unpurged;  
You think of France, her sacred woman-soul

Maddened with memories of nameless things —  
You understand! How well you understand . . .

Hate wrong! Slay wrong! Your master-gunners  
there

Thunder that gospel; and evolving life,  
Life mounting Godward, knows that teaching true  
While flesh is flesh, while sin is sin — And yet  
There is another gospel! For your hearts,  
Passioned with wonder and worship and great dreams,  
There is another gospel!

Feel this air,  
Warm with the sun of France, invisible,  
Fluent, enfolding, palpitating, vast,  
Breathing and breathed. Dear friends, around our  
souls

Floweth another air invisible,  
Vast, palpitating, breathed and breathing — God!

This was the Master's message; nothing more:  
This was the Master's message! But He dies,  
Nailed to misunderstanding as a cross,  
Through age on age of error. He was man  
As we are men, and God as we are God,  
Not otherwise, else is that message vain —  
O Lover I smote! Ineffable Loneliness  
That faced Golgotha! Thou hast come indeed;  
I share thy vigil on the mountain height;  
I know the passion of Gethsemane;  
I feel the Presence flow across thy soul,  
Vast, palpitating, breathed and breathing — Love!

Brothers, believe this truth: that whoso prays  
As prayed the Master; whoso fashions his heart  
By wonder and worship and immortal dreams  
To a gift meet for Godhead; whoso yearns

To lose his self in Self's infinitude —  
The pure Shechinah in his soul shall dwell  
As in the Master's. And every man on earth  
May live as he, wrapt in the Spirit Divine,  
The Fatherhood whose sons are all that love;  
And, living so, shall year by happy year,  
And life by life, and light by mystic light,  
Up to the mount of self's last Calvary,  
Know that which passeth understanding — Peace;  
Vast, palpitating, breathed and breathing — Peace!

Hate wrong! Slay wrong! else mercy, justice,  
truth,  
Freedom and faith, shall die for humankind —  
Slay! that His Law may live! But, having slain,  
O seek the quiet places in your souls,  
The lonely shore of your Gennesaret,  
Your Mount of Olives, your Gethsemane,  
Where waits the Peace of God.

*The Forum*

*William Samuel Johnson*

### CHAMPAGNE, 1914-15

In the glad revels, in the happy fêtes,  
When cheeks are flushed, and glasses gilt and  
pearled  
With the sweet wine of France that concentrates  
The sunshine and the beauty of the world,

Drink sometimes, you whose footsteps yet may tread  
The undisturbed, delightful paths of Earth,  
To those whose blood, in pious duty shed,  
Hallows the soil where that same wine had birth.

Here, by devoted comrades laid away,  
Along our lines they slumber where they fell,  
Beside the crater at the Ferme d'Alger  
And up the bloody slopes of La Pompelle,

And round the city whose cathedral towers  
The enemies of Beauty dared profane,  
And in the mat of multicolored flowers  
That clothe the sunny chalk-fields of Champagne.

Under the little crosses where they rise  
The soldier rests. Now round him undismayed  
The cannon thunders, and at night he lies  
At peace beneath the eternal fusillade. . . .

That other generations might possess —  
From shame and menace free in years to come —  
A richer heritage of happiness,  
He marched to that heroic martyrdom.

Esteeming less the forfeit that he paid  
Than undishonored that his flag might float  
Over the towers of liberty, he made  
His breast the bulwark and his blood the moat.

Obscurely sacrificed, his nameless tomb,  
Bare of the sculptor's art, the poet's lines,  
Summer shall flush with poppy-fields in bloom,  
And Autumn yellow with maturing vines.

There the grape-pickers at their harvesting  
Shall lightly tread and load their wicker trays,  
Blessing his memory as they toil and sing  
In the slant sunshine of October days. . . .

I love to think that if my blood should be  
So privileged to sink where his has sunk,  
I shall not pass from Earth entirely  
But when the banquet rings, when healths are  
drunk,

And faces that the joys of living fill  
Glow radiant with laughter and good cheer,  
In beaming cups some spark of me shall still  
Brim toward the lips that once I held so dear.

So shall one coveting no higher plane  
Than nature clothes in color and flesh and tone,  
Even from the grave put upward to attain  
The dreams youth cherished and missed and might  
have known;

And that strong need that strove unsatisfied  
Toward earthly beauty in all forms it wore,  
Not death itself shall utterly divide  
From the beloved shapes it thirsted for.

Alas, how many an adept for whose arms  
Life held delicious offerings perished here,  
How many in the prime of all that charms,  
Crowned with all gifts that conquer and endear!

Honor them not so much with tears and flowers,  
But you with whom the sweet fulfilment lies,  
Where in the anguish of atrocious hours  
Turned their last thoughts and closed their dying  
eyes,

Rather when music or bright gathering lays  
Its tender spell, and joy is uppermost,

Be mindful of the men they were, and raise  
Your glasses to them in one silent toast.

Drink to them — amorous of dear Earth as well,  
They asked no tribute lovelier than this —  
And in the wine that ripened where they fell,  
Oh, frame your lips as though it were a kiss.

*North American Review*                      *Alan Seeger*  
*Deuxième Régiment Étranger*

## RED PEARLS

*(Heard in a Revery)*

### FIRST VOICE

That you should be here! Who could ever guess!

### SECOND VOICE

Then you remember me, Columbia?

### FIRST VOICE

Yes —

Our friendship, long ago, beside the sea!  
But tell me, by what sudden conjury  
Do you appear before me like a flame,  
You, from the land of war?

### SECOND VOICE

Your message came.

### FIRST VOICE

Mine?

### SECOND VOICE

Yours. It reached me in a bit of shell.

FIRST VOICE

I sent no message.

SECOND VOICE

I recall it well.

*Come look upon my pearls* is what it said.

FIRST VOICE

Strange! When I clasped them on to-night, they shed  
Such a soft lustre over me that I  
Down in my deepest heart said mistily:  
"If he might see them, see them perfect, white,  
And know me beautiful! Oh, if he might!"

SECOND VOICE

And I have come. And you are beautiful.

FIRST VOICE

See my long rope of pearls, delight as cool  
As after-kisses of wild fluttering wings!  
You — man of space — who seem to know all things,  
Do you, then, know its story?

SECOND VOICE

Yes, I know.

FIRST VOICE

How it is but my own elation's glow?  
How fortune upon fortune comes to me?

SECOND VOICE

I know. And they are beautiful to see!  
Pearls! Pearls! And how they shimmer, gem on  
gem!  
Now let me have a closer look at them:  
This round perfection is a shattered jaw,  
And this a mangled brain. Two eyes that saw  
Are these two pearls, the eyes of one I brothered,



Now living in eternal darkness smothered.  
This was a forehead. These were powerful forms,  
These, sturdy limbs. And this, that glows and warms,  
This is the bright supremacy of pain.  
A noble story,— gold and gold again  
For blood and blood and blood!

FIRST VOICE

I cannot listen!

SECOND VOICE

These three that with your breathing glance and  
glisten,  
These are three tortured women.

FIRST VOICE

Hush, O hush!

SECOND VOICE

But look, they change, they seem to overflush.

FIRST VOICE

My pearls! My lovely pearls! They are turning  
red!  
They weigh, they press! I snatch at stinging lead!

SECOND VOICE

Snatch,— but they will not move.

FIRST VOICE

What awful ban,  
What spell, is on my fingers? Help, help, man,—  
O take them off!

SECOND VOICE

I cannot.

FIRST VOICE

Help!

**SECOND VOICE**

The dawn  
Is breaking in your house. The guests are gone.  
And the last servant sleeps with sodden ears.

**FIRST VOICE**

Help, some one, help me!

**SECOND VOICE**

Call,— but no one hears.

**FIRST VOICE**

Ah, man or ghost, they are fire on fire! They bite!  
Have pity,— tear them off!

**SECOND VOICE**

Not any might  
May lift them, neither ghost's nor man's endeavour.  
For they must cling about your neck forever.

*The International*

*Agnes Lee*

**HARVEST-MOON: 1916**

Moon, slow rising, over the trembling sea-rim,  
Moon of the lifted tides and their folded burden,  
Look, look down; and gather the blinded oceans,  
Moon of compassion.

Come, white Silence, over the one sea pathway:  
Pour with hallowing hands on the surge and outcry,  
Silver flame; and over the famished blackness,  
Petals of moonlight.

Once again, the formless void of a world-wreck  
Gropes its way through the echoing dark of chaos;

Tide on tide, to the calling, lost horizons,  
One in the darkness.

You that veil the light of the all-beholding,  
Shed your tidings down to the dooms of longing,  
Down to the timeless dark; and the sunken treasure,  
One in the darkness.

Touch, and harken — under the shrouding silver,—  
Rise and fall of the heart of the sea and its legions  
All and one; — one with the breath of the deathless,  
Rising and falling.

Touch and waken, so, to a far hereafter,  
Ebb and flow, the deep, and the dead in their long-  
ing:  
Till at last, on the hungering face of the waters,  
There shall be light.

*(Light of Light, give us to see, for their sake.  
Light of Light, grant them eternal peace;  
And let Light perpetual shine upon them,—  
Light, everlasting.)*

*The Poetry Review of America  
Josephine Preston Peabody*

## MALMAISON

### I

How the slates of the roof sparkle in the sun, over  
there, over there, beyond the high wall! How quietly  
the Seine runs in loops and windings, over there, over  
there, sliding through the green countryside! Like

ships of the line, stately with canvas, the tall clouds pass along the sky, over the glittering roof, over the trees, over the looped and curving river. A breeze quivers through the linden trees. Roses bloom at Malmaison. Roses! Roses! But the road is dusty. Already the Citoyenne Beauharnais wearies of her walk. Her skin is chalked and powdered with dust, she smells dust, and behind the wall are roses! Roses with smooth open petals, poised above rippling leaves . . . Roses . . . They have told her so. The Citoyenne Beauharnais shrugs her shoulders and makes a little face. She must mend her pace if she would be back in time for dinner. Roses indeed! The guilotine more likely.

The tired clouds float over Malmaison, and the slate roof sparkles in the sun.

## II

Gallop! Gallop! The General brooks no delay. Make way, good people, and scatter out of his path, you, and your hens, and your dogs, and your children. The General is returned from Egypt, and is come in a calèche and four to visit his new property. Throw open the gates, you, Porter of Malmaison. Pull off your cap, my man, this is your master, the husband of Madame. Faster! Faster! A jerk and a jingle and they are arrived, he and she. Madame has red eyes. Fi! It is for joy at her husband's return. Learn your place, Porter. A gentleman here for two months? Fi! Fi, then! Since when have you taken to gossiping? Madame may have a brother, I suppose. That—all green, and red, and glitter, with flesh as dark as ebony—that is a slave; a blood-thirsty, stabbing, slashing heathen, come from the hot countries to cure your tongue of idle whispering.

A fine afternoon it is, with tall bright clouds sailing over the trees.

"Bonaparte, mon ami, the trees are golden like my star, the star I pinned to your destiny when I married you. The gypsy, you remember her prophecy. My dear friend, not here, the servants are watching; send them away, and that flashing splendour, Roustan. Superb — Imperial, but . . . My dear, your arm is trembling; I faint to feel it touching me! No, no, Bonaparte, not that — spare me that — did we not bury that last night! You hurt me, my friend, you are so hot and strong. Not long, Dear, no, thank God, not long."

The looped river runs saffron, for the sun is setting. It is getting dark. Dark. Darker. In the moonlight, the slate roof shines palely milkily white.

The roses have faded at Malmaison, nipped by the frost. What need for roses? Smooth, open petals — her arms. Fragrant, outcurved petals — her breasts. He rises like a sun above her, stooping to touch the petals, press them wider. Eagles. Bees. What are they to open roses! A little shivering breeze runs through the linden trees, and the tiered clouds blow across the sky like ships of the line, stately with canvas.

### III

The gates stand wide at Malmaison, stand wide all day. The gravel of the avenue glints under the continual rolling of wheels. An officer gallops up with his sabre clicking; a mameluke gallops down with his charger kicking. Valets-de-pied run about in ones, and twos, and groups, like swirled blown leaves. Tramp! Tramp! The guard is changing, and the grenadiers off duty lounge out of sight, ranging along the roads toward Paris.

The slate roof sparkles in the sun, but it sparkles milkily, vaguely, the great glass-houses put out its shining. Glass, stone and onyx now for the sun's mirror. Much has come to pass at Malmaison. New rocks and fountains, blocks of carven marble; fluted pillars uprearing antique temples, vases and urns in unexpected places, bridges of stone, bridges of wood, arbours and statues, and a flood of flowers everywhere, new flowers, rare flowers, parterre after parterre of flowers. Indeed, the roses bloom at Malmaison. It is youth, youth untrammelled and advancing, trundling a country ahead of it as though it were a hoop. Laughter, and spur janglings in tessellated vestibules. Tripping of clocked and embroidered stockings in little low-heeled shoes over smooth grassplots. India muslins spangled with silver patterns slide through trees — mingle — separate — white day-fireflies flashing moon-brilliance in the shade of foliage.

"The kangaroos! I vow, Captain, I must see the kangaroos."

"As you please, dear Lady, but I recommend the shady linden alley and feeding the cockatoos."

"They say that Madame Bonaparte's breed of sheep is the best in all France."

"And, oh, have you seen the enchanting little cedar she planted when the First Consul sent home the news of the victory of Marengo?"

Picking, choosing, the chattering company flits to and fro. Over the trees the great clouds go, tiered, stately, like ships of the line bright with canvas.

Prisoner's-base, and its swooping, veering, racing, giggling, bumping. The First Consul runs plump into M. de Beauharnais and falls. But he picks himself up smartly, and starts after M. Isabey. Too late, M. Le Premier Consul, Mademoiselle Hortense is out after you. Quickly, my dear Sir! Stir your

short legs, she is swift and eager, and as graceful as her mother. She is there, that other, playing too, but lightly, warily, bearing herself with care, rather floating out upon the air than running, never far from goal. She is there, borne up above her guests as something indefinably fair, a rose above periwinkles. A blow rose, smooth as satin, reflexed, one loosened petal hanging back and down. A rose that undulates languorously as the breeze takes it, resting upon its leaves in a faintness of perfume.

There are rumours about the First Consul. Malmaison is full of women, and Paris is only two leagues distant. Madame Bonaparte stands on the wooden bridge at sunset, and watches a black swan pushing the pink and silver water in front of him as he swims, crinkling its smoothness into pleats of changing colour with his breast. Madame Bonaparte presses against the parapet of the bridge, and the crushed roses at her belt melt, petal by petal, into the pink water.

#### IV

A vile day, Porter. But keep your wits about you. The Empress will soon be here. Queer, without the Emperor! It is indeed, but best not consider that. Scratch your head and prick up your ears. Divorce is not for you to debate about. She is late? Ah, well, the roads are muddy. The rain spears are as sharp as whetted knives. They dart down and down, edged and shining. Clop-trop! Clop-trop! A carriage grows out of the mist. Hist, Porter. You can keep on your hat. It is only Her Majesty's dogs and her parrot. Clop-trop! The Ladies in Waiting, Porter. Clop-trop! It is Her Majesty. At least, I suppose it is, but the blinds are drawn.

"In all the years I have served Her Majesty she

never before passed the gate without giving me a smile!"

"You're a droll fellow, to expect the Empress to put out her head in the pouring rain and salute you. She has affairs of her own to think about."

Clang the gate, no need for further waiting, nobody else will be coming to Malmaison tonight.

White under her veil, drained and shaking, the woman crosses the antechamber. Empress! Empress! Foolish splendour, perished to dust. Ashes of roses, ashes of youth. Empress forsooth!

Over the glass domes of the hot-houses drenches the rain. Behind her a clock ticks—ticks again. The sound knocks upon her thought with the echoing shudder of hollow vases. She places her hands on her ears, but the minutes pass, knocking. Tears in Malmaison. And years to come each knocking by, minute after minute. Years, many years, and tears, and cold pouring rain.

"I feel as though I had died, and the only sensation I have is that I am no more."

Rain! Heavy, thudding rain!

v

The roses bloom at Malmaison. And not only roses. Tulips, myrtles, geraniums, camellias, rhododendrons, dahlias, double hyacinths. All the year through, under glass, under the sky, flowers bud, expand, die, and give way to others, always others. From distant countries they have been brought, and taught to live in the cool temperateness of France. There is the *Bonapartea* from Peru; the *Napoleone Impériale*; the *Josephinia Imperatrix*, a pearl-white flower, purple-shadowed, the calix pricked out with



crimson points. Malmaison wears its flowers as a lady wears her gems, flauntingly, assertively. Malmaison decks herself to hide the hollow within.

The glass-houses grow and grow and every year fling up hotter reflexions to the sailing sun.

The cost runs into millions, but a woman must have something to console herself for a broken heart. One can play backgammon and patience, and then patience and backgammon, and stake gold Napoleons on each game won. Sport truly! It is an unruly spirit which could ask better. With her jewels, her laces, her shawls; her two hundred and twenty dresses, her fichus, her veils; her pictures, her busts, her birds. It is absurd that she cannot be happy. The Emperor smarts under the thought of her ingratitude. What could he do more? And yet she spends, spends as never before. It is ridiculous. Can she not enjoy life at a smaller figure? Was ever monarch plagued with so extravagant an ex-wife? She owes her chocolate-merchant, her candle-merchant, her sweetmeat purveyor; her grocer, her butcher, her poulterer; her architect, and the shopkeeper who sells her rouge; her perfumer, her dressmaker, her merchant of shoes. She owes for fans, plants, engravings, and chairs. She owes masons and carpenters, vintners, lingères. The lady's affairs are in sad confusion.

And why? Why?

Can a river flow when the spring is dry?

Night. The Empress sits alone, and the clock ticks, one after one. The clock nicks off the edges of her life. She is chipped like an old bit of china; she is frayed like a garment of last year's wearing. She is soft, crinkled, like a fading rose. And each minute flows by brushing against her, shearing off another and another petal. The Empress crushes

her breasts with her hands, and weeps. And the tall clouds sail over Malmaison like a procession of stately ships bound for the moon.

Scarlet, clear-blue, purple epauletted with gold. It is a parade of soldiers sweeping up the avenue. Eight horses, eight Imperial harnesses, four caparisoned postillions, a carriage with the Emperor's arms on the panels. Ho, Porter, pop out your eyes, and no wonder, Where else under the Heavens could you see such splendour!

They sit on a stone seat. The little man in the green coat of a colonel of Chasseurs, and the lady, beautiful as a satin seedpod, and as pale. The house has memories. The satin seedpod holds his germs of Empire. We will stay here, under the blue sky and the turreted white clouds. She draws him; he feels her faded loveliness urge him to replenish it. Her soft transparent texture woos his nervous fingering. He speaks to her of debts, of resignation; of her children, and his; he promises that she shall see the King of Rome; he says some harsh things and some pleasant. But she is there, close to him, rose toned to amber, white shot with violet, pungent to his nostrils as embalmed rose-leaves in a twilit room.

Suddenly the Emperor calls his carriage and rolls away across the looping Seine.

## VI

Crystal-blue brightness over the glass-houses. Crystal-blue streaks and ripples over the lake. A macaw on a gilded perch screams; they have forgotten to take out his dinner. The windows shake. Boom! Boom! It is the rumbling of Prussian cannon beyond Pecq. Roses bloom at Malmaison.

Roses! Roses! Swimming above their leaves, rotting beneath them. Fallen flowers strew the unraked walks. Fallen flowers for a fallen Emperor! The General in charge of him draws back and watches. Snatches of music — snarling, sneering music of bagpipes. They say a Scotch regiment is besieging St. Denis. The Emperor wipes his face, or is it his eyes? His tired eyes which see nowhere the grace they long for. Josephine! Somebody asks him a question, he does not answer, somebody else does that. There are voices, but one voice he does not hear, and yet he hears it all the time. Josephine! The Emperor puts up his hand to screen his face. The white light of a bright cloud spears sharply through the linden trees. "Vive l'Empereur!" There are troops passing beyond the wall, troops which sing and call. Boom! A pink rose is jarred off its stem and falls at the Emperor's feet.

"Very well. I go." Where! Does it matter? There is no sword to clatter. Nothing but soft brushing gravel and a gate which shuts with a click.

"Quick, fellow, don't spare your horses."

A whip cracks, wheels turn, why burn one's eyes following a fleck of dust.

## VII

Over the slate roof tall clouds, like ships of the line, pass along the sky. The glass-houses glitter splotchily, for many of their lights are broken. Roses bloom, fiery cinders quenching under damp weeds. Wreckage and misery, and a trailing of petty deeds smearing over old recollections.

The musty rooms are empty and their shutters are closed, only in the gallery there is a stuffed black swan, covered with dust. When you touch it the feathers come off and float softly to the ground.

Through a chink in the shutters one can see the stately  
clouds crossing the sky toward the Roman arches of  
the Marley Aqueduct.

*The Little Review.*

*Amy Lowell.*

### VIVE LA FRANCE!

Franceline rose in the dawning gray,  
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,  
For her man Michel had holiday,  
Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle-side,  
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:  
"If I have but one prayer, dear, crucified  
Christ — save France!

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,  
Carry me safe to the meeting-place,  
Let me look once again on my dear love's face,  
Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy: "Oh, how glad he'll be,  
Little three-months old, to set eyes on thee!  
For, 'Rather than gold, would I give,' wrote he,  
'A son to France.'

"Come, now, be good, little stray *sauterelle*,  
For we're going by-by to thy papa Michel,  
But I'll not say where for fear thou wilt tell,  
Little pigeon of France!

"Six days' leave and a year between!  
But what would you have? In six days clean,

Heaven was made," said Franceline,  
"Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name,  
To the marching troops in the street she came,  
And she held high her boy like a taper flame  
Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and gray with grime,  
Silent they march like a pantomime;  
"But what need of music? My heart beats time—  
Vive la France!"

His regiment comes. Oh, then where is he?  
"There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see,—  
Is that my Michel to the right of thee,  
Soldier of France?"

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell,—  
"Yesterday—'twas a splinter of shell—  
And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,  
Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed  
Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,  
As she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed:  
"Vive la France!"

*Scribner's Magazine.*

*Charlotte Holmes Crawford.*

## SONNETS

### I

EDITH CAVELL

The world hath its own dead; great motions start  
In human breasts, and make for them a place

In that hushed sanctuary of the race  
Where every day men come, kneel, and depart.  
Of them, O English nurse, henceforth thou art,  
A name to pray on, and to all a face  
Of household consecration; such His grace  
Whose universal dwelling is the heart.

O gentle hands that soothed the soldier's brow,  
And knew no service save of Christ the Lord!  
Thy country now is all humanity!  
How like a flower thy womanhood doth show  
In the harsh scything of the German sword,  
And beautifies the world that saw it die!

## II

### PICQUART

Picquart, no brighter name on times to be  
Thy country raises, nor all Europe vaunts,  
Thou star of honor on the breast of France,  
Soldier of justice; all men honor thee  
Who to false honor would'st not bow the knee,  
Nor parley with the time's intolerance;  
Thou art of those to whom the whole world grants  
The meed of universal memory.

Loyal to more than to thy sabre vows,  
Kissed on the sword and hallowed oft with blood;  
True to thy land's ideal of equal laws;  
Champion of human rights; about thy brows,  
Thy battles done, how fair thy laurels bud,  
Thou lying dead, a victor in man's cause!

*Scribner's Magazine.*

*George Edward Woodberry.*

## AMERICA AND FRANCE

In Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France

### I

Ay, it is fitting on this holiday,  
Commemorative of our soldier dead,  
When, with sweet flowers of our New England May  
Hiding the lichen'd stone by fifty years made gray,  
Their graves in every town are garlanded,  
That pious tribute should be given too  
To our intrepid few  
Obscurely fallen here beyond the seas.  
Those to preserve their country's greatness died;  
But by the death of these  
Something that we can look upon with pride  
Has been achieved, nor wholly unreplied  
Can sneerers triumph in the charge they make  
That from a war where Freedom was at stake  
America withheld and, daunted, stood aside.

### II

Be they remembered here with each reviving spring,  
Not only that in May, when life is loveliest,  
Around Neuville-Saint-Vaast and the disputed crest  
Of Vimy, they, superb, unfaltering,  
In that fine onslaught that no fire could halt,  
Parted impetuous to their first assault;  
But that they brought fresh hearts and springlike too  
To that high mission, and 'tis meet to strew  
With twigs of lilac and spring's earliest rose  
The cenotaph of those  
Who in the cause that history most endears  
Fell in the sunny morn and flower of their young  
years.

### III

Yet sought they neither recompense nor praise,  
Nor to be mentioned in another breath

Than their blue coated comrades whose great days  
It was their pride to share, ay! share even to the  
death.

Nay, rather, France, to you they rendered thanks  
(Seeing they came for honor, not for gain),  
Who, opening to them your glorious ranks,  
Gave them that grand occasion to excel,  
That chance to live the life most free from stain  
And that rare privilege of dying well.

IV

O friends! I know not since that war began  
From which no people nobly stands aloof  
If in all moments we have given proof  
Of virtues that were thought American.  
I know not if in all things done and said  
All has been well and good,  
Or if each one of us can hold his head  
As proudly as he should,  
Or, from the pattern of those mighty dead  
Whose shades our country venerates today,  
If we've not somewhat fallen and somewhat gone  
astray.

But you to whom our land's good name is dear,  
If there be any here  
Who wonder if her manhood be decreased,  
Relaxed its sinews and its blood less red  
Than that at Shiloh and Antietam shed,  
Be proud of these, have joy in this at least,  
And cry: "Now heaven be praised  
That in that hour which most imperilled her,  
Menaced her liberty who foremost raised  
Europe's bright flag of freedom, some there were  
Who, not unmindful of the antique debt,  
Came back the generous path of Lafayette;  
And when of a most formidable foe



She checked each onset, arduous to stem —  
Foiled and frustrated them —  
On those red fields where blow with furious blow  
Was countered, whether the gigantic fray  
Rolled by the Meuse or at the Bois Sabot,  
Accents of ours were in the fierce mêlée;  
And on those furthest rims of hallowed ground  
Where the forlorn, the gallant charge expires,  
When the slain bugler has long ceased to sound,  
And on the tangled wires  
The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,  
Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers;  
Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops,  
Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours!

V

There, holding still in frozen steadfastness  
Their bayonets toward the beckoning frontiers,  
They lie — our comrades — lie among their peers.  
Clad in the glory of fallen warriors,  
Grim clusters under thorny trellises,  
Dry, furthest foam upon diastrous shores,  
Leaves that made last year beautiful, still strewn  
Even as they fell, unchanged, beneath the changing  
moon,  
And earth in her divine indifference  
Rolls on, and many paltry things and mean  
Prate to be heard and caper to be seen.  
But they are silent, calm; their eloquence  
Is that incomparable attitude;  
No human presences their witness are,  
But summer clouds and sunset crimson hued,  
And showers and night winds and the northern star.  
Nay, even our salutations seem profane,  
Opposed to their Elysian quietude;  
Our salutations calling from afar.

From our ignobler plane  
And undistinction of our lesser parts:  
Hail, brothers, and farewell; you are twice blest,  
    brave hearts.

Double your glory is who perished thus,  
For you have died for France and vindicated us!

*New York Sun.*

*Alan Seeger.*

### TO A DEAD SOLDIER

Though all the primrose paths of morning called  
    Your feet to follow them, and all the winds  
Of all the hills of earth, with plucking hands  
Woodyed you to slopes that shone like emerald,  
    You might not go. The thin green grass that binds  
Your feet had Earth and Death to forge its bands.

The rain's wet kiss is on your lips, where lay  
    Once the live pulses of a woman's soul;  
Your eyes give back unto the quiet sky  
Only the sheen of stars, the glare of day,  
    Or darkness when the kindly shadows roll  
Up from the sea to hide you where you lie.

No woman's whisper holds your strong heart spent  
    And breathless. All the silver horns that blew  
While legions cheered, are still. These things are  
    done,

But these you have: a death for monument,  
    And peace you died to buy, and after you  
The laughing play of children in the sun.

*The Eliot Literary Magazine.*

*Kendall Harrison.*

## A DOG

So, back again?

— And is your errand done,

Unfailing one?

How quick the gray world, at your morning look.

Turns wonder-book!

Come in,— O guard and guest.

Come, O you breathless from a life-long quest; —

Search here my heart; and if a comfort be,

Ah, comfort me!

You eloquent one, you best

Of all diviners, so to trace

The weather-gleams upon a face;

With wordless, querying paw,

Adventuring the law!

You shaggy Loveliness,

What call was it? — What dream beyond a guess,

Lured you, gray ages back,

From that lone bivouac

Of the wild pack? —

Was it your need? — Or ours, the calling trail

Of faith that should not fail? —

Of hope dim understood? —

That you should follow our poor humanhood,

Only because you would!

To search and circle,— follow and outstrip,

Men and their fellowship;

And keep your heart no less,

Your back-and-forth of hope and wistfulness,

Through all world-weathers and against all odds!

Can you forgive us, now,—

Your fallen gods?

*The Poetry Review of America.*

*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

## I — THE TRUMPET-VINE ARBOR

The throats of the little red trumpet-flowers are wide  
open,  
And the clangor of brass beats against the hot sun-  
light.

They bray and blare at the burning sky.  
Red! Red! Coarse notes of red,  
Trumpeted at the blue sky.  
In long streaks of sound, molten metal,  
The vine declares itself.  
Clang! — from its red and yellow trumpets;  
Clang! — from its long, nasal trumpets,  
Splitting the sunlight into ribbons, tattered and shot  
with noise.

I sit in the cool arbor, in a green and gold twilight.  
It is very still, for I cannot hear the trumpets,  
I only know that they are red and open,  
And that the sun above the arbor shakes with heat.  
My quill is newly mended,  
And makes fine-drawn lines with its point.  
Down the long white paper it makes little lines,  
Just lines — up — down — criss-cross.  
My heart is strained out at the pin-point of my quill;  
It is thin and writhing like the marks of the pen.  
My hand marches to a squeaky tune,  
It marches down the paper to a squealing of fifes.  
My pen and the trumpet-flowers,  
And Washington's armies away over the smoke-tree  
to the southwest.  
"Yankee Doodle," my darling! It is you against the  
British,  
Marching in your ragged shoes to batter down King  
George.

What have you got in your hat? Not a feather, I  
wager.  
Just a hay-straw, for it is the harvest you are fighting  
for.  
Hay in your hat, and the whites of their eyes for a  
target!  
Like Bunker Hill, two years ago, when I watched all  
day from the housetop,  
Through Father's spy-glass,  
The red city, and the blue, bright water,  
And puffs of smoke which you made.  
Twenty miles away,  
Round by Cambridge, or over the Neck,  
But the smoke was white — white!  
To-day the trumpet-flowers are red — red —  
And I cannot see you fighting;  
But old Mr. Dimond has fled to Canada,  
And Myra sings "Yankee Doodle" at her milking.

The red throats of the trumpets bray and clang in  
the sunshine,  
And the smoke-tree puffs dun blossoms into the blue  
air.

## II — THE CITY OF FALLING LEAVES

Leaves fall,  
Brown leaves,  
Yellow leaves streaked with brown.  
They fall,  
Flutter,  
Fall again.  
The brown leaves,  
And the streaked yellow leaves,  
Loosen on their branches  
And drift slowly downwards.

One,  
One, two, three,  
One, two, five.  
All Venice is a falling of autumn leaves —  
Brown,  
And yellow streaked with brown.

“That sonnet, Abate,  
Beautiful,  
I am quite exhausted by it.  
Your phrases turn about my heart,  
And stifle me to swooning.  
Open the window, I beg.  
Lord! What a strumming of fiddles and mandolins!  
'Tis really a shame to stop indoors.  
Call my maid, or I will make you lace me yourself.  
Fie, how hot it is, not a breath of air!  
See how straight the leaves are falling.  
Marianna, I will have the yellow satin caught up with  
silver fringe,  
It peeps out delightfully from under a mantle.  
Am I well painted to-day, *caro Abate mio*?  
You will be proud of me at the Ridotto, hey?  
Proud of being *cavaliere servente* to such a lady?”  
“Can you doubt it, *bellissima Contessa*?  
A pinch more rouge on the right cheek,  
And Venus herself shines less . . .”  
“You bore me, Abate,  
I vow I must change you!  
A letter, Achmet?  
Run and look out of the window, Abate.  
I will read my letter in peace.”

The little black slave with the yellow satin turban  
Gazes at his mistress with strained eyes.  
His yellow turban and black skin

Are gorgeous — barbaric.  
The yellow satin dress with its silver flashings  
Lies on a chair,  
Beside a black mantle and a black mask.  
Yellow and black,  
Gorgeous — barbaric.  
The lady reads her letter,  
And the leaves drift slowly  
Past the long windows.  
“How silly you look, my dear Abate,  
With that great brown leaf in your wig.  
Pluck it off, I beg you,  
Or I shall die of laughing.”

A yellow wall,  
Aflare in the sunlight,  
Chequered with shadows —  
Shadows of vine-leaves,  
Shadows of masks.  
Masks coming, printing themselves for an instant,  
Then passing on,  
More masks always replacing them.  
Masks with tricorns and rapiers sticking out behind  
Pursuing masks with veils and high heels,  
The sunlight shining under their insteps.  
One,  
One, two,  
One, two, three,  
There is a thronging of shadows on the hot wall,  
Filigreed at the top with moving leaves.  
Yellow sunlight and black shadows,  
Yellow and black,  
Gorgeous — barbaric.  
Two masks stand together,  
And the shadow of a leaf falls through them,  
Marking the wall where they are not.

From hat-tip to shoulder-tip,  
From elbow to sword-hilt,  
The leaf falls.  
The shadows mingle,  
Blur together,  
Slide along the wall and disappear.

Gold of mosaics and candles,  
And night-blackness lurking in the ceiling beams.  
Saint Mark's glitters with flames and reflections.  
A cloak brushes aside,  
And the yellow of satin  
Licks out over the colored inlays of the pavement.  
Under the gold crucifixes  
There is a meeting of hands  
Reaching from black mantles.  
Sighing embraces, bold investigations,  
Hide in confessionals,  
Sheltered by the shuffling of feet.  
Gorgeous — barbaric  
In its mail of jewels and gold,  
Saint Mark's looks down at the swarm of black  
masks;  
And outside in the palace gardens brown leaves fall,  
Flutter,  
Fall.  
Brown,  
And yellow streaked with brown.

Blue-black the sky over Venice,  
With a pricking of yellow stars.  
There is no moon,  
And the waves push darkly against the prow  
Of the gondola,  
Coming from Malamocco  
And streaming toward Venice.



It is black under the gondola hood,  
But the yellow of a satin dress  
Glares out like the eye of a watching tiger.  
Yellow compassed about with darkness,  
Yellow and black,  
Gorgeous — barbaric.  
The boatman sings,  
It is Tasso that he sings;  
The lovers seek each other beneath their mantles,  
And the gondola drifts over the lagoon, aslant to  
the coming dawn.  
But at Malamocco in front,  
In Venice behind,  
Fall the leaves,  
Brown,  
And yellow streaked with brown.  
They fall,  
Flutter,  
Fall.

*Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*

*Amy Lowell*

## TO SIGURD

Not one blithe leap of welcome?  
Can you lie  
Under this woodland mould,  
More still  
Than broken daffodil,  
When I,  
Home from too long a roving,  
Come up the silent hill?  
Dear, wistful eyes,  
White ruff and windy gold  
Of collie coat so oft caressed,  
Not one quick thrill

In snowy breast,  
One spring of jubilant surprise,  
One ecstasy of loving?

Are all our frolics ended? Never more  
Those royal romps of old,  
When one,  
Playfellow of the sun,  
Would pour  
Adventures and romances  
Into a morning run;  
Off and away,  
A flying glint of gold,  
Startling to wing a husky choir  
Of crows whose dun  
Shadows would tire  
Even that wild speed? Unscared to-day  
They hold their weird seances.

Ever you dreamed, legs twitching, you would catch  
A crow, O leaper bold,  
Next time,  
Or chase to branch sublime  
That batch  
Of squirrels daring capture  
In saucy pantomime;  
Till one spring dawn,  
Resting amid the gold  
Of crocuses, Death stole on you  
From that far clime  
Where dreams come true,  
And left upon the starry lawn  
Your form without your rapture.

And was Death's whistle then so wondrous sweet  
Across the glimmering wold

That you  
Would trustfully pursue  
Strange feet?  
When I was gone, each morrow  
You sought our old haunts through,  
Slower to play,  
Drooping in faded gold;  
Now it is mine to grieve and miss  
My comrade true  
Who used to kiss  
With eager tongue such tears away,  
Coaxing a smile from sorrow.

I know not what life is, nor what is death,  
Nor how vast Heaven may hold  
All this  
Earth-beauty and earth-bliss.  
Christ saith  
That not a sparrow falleth  
— O songs of sparrow faith! —  
But God is there.  
May not a leap of gold  
Yet greet me on some gladder hill,  
A shining wraith,  
Rejoicing still,  
As in those hours we found so fair,  
To follow where love calleth?

*Scribner's Magazine*

*Katharine Lee Bates*

### MATER DOLOROSA

O clinging hands, and eyes where sleep has set  
Her seal of peace, go not from me so soon.  
O little feet, take not the pathway yet;  
The dust of other feet with tears is wet,

And Sorrow wanders there with slow regret;  
O eager feet, take not the path so soon.

Take it not yet, for death is at the end,  
And kingly death will wait until you come.  
Full soon the feet of youth will pass the bend,  
The eyes will see where followed footsteps wend.  
Go not so soon, though death be found a friend;  
For kingly death will wait until you come.

*Harper's Magazine*

*Louis V. Ledoux*

### LAMENT

He is gone with his blue eyes,  
Whom I love most,—  
Gone among the cliffs and fog  
On a far coast,—

He who scatters wit and pride  
From his keen tongue,  
He who finds himself so deep  
And is so young;—

He whose joy is in sweet words  
And kindness,—  
Whom old men love, and little boys  
No whit the less. . . .

Rooms are silent that were glad  
Seven days ago.  
I can feel across my heart  
The great tides flow.

Love, the blind importunate,  
Craves touch and sight;

Briefly parting, feels and fears  
Eternal night.

Fear is sweeping on the wind  
Like acrid foam.  
I have said farewell to peace  
Till he comes home.

*The Trimmed Lamp*

*Isabella Holt*

## THE DEAD

### I

Think you the dead are lonely in that place?  
They are companioned by the leaves and grass,  
By many a beautiful and vanished face,  
By all the strange and lovely things that pass.  
Sunsets and dawnings and the starry vast,  
The swimming moon, the tracery of trees —  
These they shall know more perfectly at last,  
They shall be intimate with such as these.  
'Tis only for the living Beauty dies,  
Fades and drifts from us with too brief a grace,  
Beyond the changing tapestry of skies  
Where dwells her perfect and immortal face.  
For us the passage brief: — the happy dead  
Are ever by great beauty visited.

### II

All Souls' Night! Forth from their dwelling places  
They cross the aching and uneasy night,  
Seeking old doors and dear remembered faces,  
Peering unseen in windows where a light  
Falls on some book they loved or on some chair  
Where they had rested many a night ago;  
And well for them if one dear face be there

Whose unforgetting eyes they knew — and know.  
Ah, well for them if in the quiet speech  
That passes round the low-burned candle flame,  
Some old familiar tale the listeners reach,  
And silence fall about a spoken name.—  
Better their sleep in those dim dwelling places,  
For finding remembered and remembering faces.

*The Forum*

*David Morton*

### “IF I COULD HOLD MY GRIEF”

If I could hold my grief in calm control,  
And look its blinding terror in the face;  
If I could welcome it to its own place  
Deep in my heart; if I could sweep the whole  
Of this fierce pain, that seems to drown my soul,  
Into my being like a firm embrace,  
And let it with my life's stream interlace,—  
Then Grief and I, perchance, might win the Goal.  
But if I shrink, with dim, averted eyes,  
Craving to hurry through the restless days,  
Seeking escape,—a wounded creature, blind,—  
Then all my deeper self, that hidden lies,  
In vain shall strive to lead me in the ways  
That Grief would teach my lagging feet to find.

*The Poetry Review of America*

*Corinne Roosevelt Robinson*

### THE BROKEN FIELD

My soul is a dark ploughed field  
In the cold rain;  
My soul is a broken field  
Ploughed by pain.

Where windy grass and flowers  
Were growing,  
The field lies broken now  
For another sowing.

Great Sower, when you tread  
My field again,  
Scatter the furrows there  
With better grain.

*The Yale Review*

*Sara Teasdale*

### OPEN WINDOWS

Out of the window a sea of green trees  
Lift their soft boughs like arms of a dancer;  
They beckon and call me, "Come out in the sun!"  
But I cannot answer.

I am alone with Weakness and Pain,  
Sick abed and June is going,  
I cannot keep her, she hurries by  
With the silver-green of her garments blowing.

Men and women pass in the street  
Glad of the shining sapphire weather,  
But we know more of it than they,  
Pain and I together.

They are the runners in the sun,  
Breathless and blinded by the race,  
But we are watchers in the shade  
Who speak with Wonder face to face.

*The Yale Review*

*Sara Teasdale*

## THE POPPIES

This is the garden of your joyous care,  
Where such a little time before you died  
You walked with pleasant pride  
And pointed out your favorites, the rare  
Tree roses, and the riotous delight  
Of poppies, from the crimson to the white  
Sounding the gamut of ecstatic hue.  
So richly coloured was all life to you!  
You never called the world a vale of tears.  
Such long and loving labor overgrown!  
How soon the wild 'undoes your patient years . . .  
Not wholly; with each summer's weeds I see  
Poppies arise, self-sown.  
They are your garden's immortality.

What would be Heaven for you? It comforts me  
To picture you with leisure and with strength  
To bring to life at length  
Your dreams of beauty — all your soul set free  
From the mean goading of necessity,  
And from the bodily pain  
You bore so bravely, like a galling chain  
That heavy grew and heavier, each day.  
When death struck these away  
I knew the magnitude of your release  
By your high look of peace.  
God knows I had no lack of tears, but they  
Were not for you. My sorrow was my own.  
I read — "*I will not leave you comfortless,  
But I will come to you.*" I had not known  
The meaning of those words until your death.  
You were less near to me when I could press  
Your hand, and feel your breath  
Upon my cheek, than now. You seem so near,



So full of life, so constantly more dear,  
I feel it only needs to turn my gaze  
To see you standing here  
Among your flowers, as in other days.  
Like little shouts of exultation sweet  
The poppies at my feet  
Loose to the wind their petals. Let them die —  
From them shall spring new beauty, by and by.  
They are not over-greedy for a pledge  
Of immortality; they give their best  
To earth — God knows the rest.  
So did you tread your path across the edge  
Of this our visible world. You did not hoard  
Your spirit's treasure for a world unseen  
Nor chaffer with your God for a reward  
Ere you would serve. You did not even trust  
Your master would be just.  
You went your way, generous and serene,  
And gave unquestioning all you had to spend  
As friend to friend.  
If you had known that all should end in dust  
You would have thought it shame to drop your sword,  
Because you fought your beasts at Ephesus  
Not for yourself — for us,  
Who loved in you the love of righteousness.  
There is no soul that touched you in the stress  
Of that great battle where you did your part  
So gallantly, which you did not impress  
With your own chivalry. In every heart  
That knew you, there is sown  
A ruddy-blossomed seedling of your own.  
Whatever Heaven there beyond may be,  
This I can see!

If this dear presence by my love discerned  
Be your own self, the self I knew, returned

From larger life in some transfigured guise  
Unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or if it be your spirit as it grew  
Unconsciously of my own self a part,  
Could it be any nearer if I knew,  
Or dearer, to my heart?  
You are in God, as you have always been.  
Although I find it sweet  
To dream that I shall know you when we meet  
In such a garden as you cherished here,  
I will not wait until I die, my Dear,  
For Heaven to begin.  
Sweeter it is to know that I can give  
Your deathless bounty to a world in need.  
I sow you as the poppy sows her seed,  
And in my love you live.

*The Bellman*

*Amelia Josephine Burr*

## LAUGHTER

Yes, I say yes —  
Yes to the dance of feet in the spring,  
Yes to the shouts of children,  
Yes to Laughter.

Laughter, last of the gods,  
And of them the greatest,  
Yes, say I, and salute you.

Man's the bad child of the universe.  
I know that;  
Am I not a man?  
Wicked is my wickedness — an impudent girl.  
We dance on the housetops when the moon is aloft,

We dance in the street, in the public glare;  
But who knows us, who sees us?  
My visible feet are still, and my face is solemn.

As Sunday is the Sabbath, a day of holy unctions,  
I said, I will go visit the solemn ones,  
They whose mouths are turned down at the corners,  
    and whose glassy eyes never wink or gleam:  
I will visit not the worshipers in a church;  
I will go visit the fishes.

Crowded was the aquarium:  
On one side the glass, the people; on the other, the  
    solemn ones.  
I stood and marveled at the miracle of their gravity.

You see, they wave their fins, open their mouths,  
And hang suspended in bubbling waters;  
The perfect circle of their flat eyes heaves a little  
    without lids;  
They are neither happy nor unhappy.  
I knew they were fishes; but did they know they were  
    fishes?  
No, nor even that I, watching them, was a man!

O dear old Universe, you big clumsy giant who find a  
    whole sky too small to sprawl over,  
You star-bellied monster,  
Who outstare me with a galaxy of eyes —  
I, that stand here, so little, that your least tremor  
    would crush me and my earth,  
I, your bad child, your *enfant terrible*,  
Wink at you and laugh.

Why so solemn, Universe?  
Why such millenniums of ages of laughterless  
    struggle?

Did you care only to increase life and to raise it?  
To push up fiercely from sun into earth, from earth  
into animals,  
From ape into man?  
Your stars shine, your waters roar, your earthquakes  
quake, and the noses of your cats sneeze,  
How gravely!

Not that there is not sportiveness and joy.  
Surely cubs play, and the love-season sounds with the  
joy of the birds;  
The young colts bound in the meadow,  
The rooster crows,  
The whisper of new green leaves has gladness in it.  
But joy is not laughter, and the deepest joy is sad.

Old Universe, you are one great flood, and the animals  
are all under your waters.  
Only man has poked his head up above the surface,  
and taken a look around,  
And seen you, old Universe, and all your children,  
and his own absurd self,  
And, opening his mouth wide, has wickedly laughed.

For joy is sacred, and laughter is wicked.  
Joy is inside life; laughter is outside.  
Joy is half conscious only; laughter stands off and  
proceeds from the intellect.  
The lark sings because he must;  
Man laughs because he is free.

Why does the porpoise jump out of the water, and  
splash?  
A part of his solemn business.  
But the human beings crowded around his circular  
tank shook the dome with shouting laughter.

The porpoise obeyed you, old Universe;  
But man disobeys you!

Consider us, Creation!  
Though you bore us, though you took patient eras  
beyond counting to create us,  
Somehow we are enough detached from you and from  
your purpose  
To look back and laugh.

Worse than that!  
Consider how your bad children circumvent you.  
We put our fingers to our noses and wiggle them at  
you, Creation!  
We make mating sterile;  
We drink alcohol;  
We live in places of stone and steel;  
We tear our earth up and disembowel her;  
We float where we were meant to sink;  
You think to darken us with the night, so we light  
lamps;  
You think to freeze us with the cold, so we start fires;  
And our ha-ha shakes our theaters to the amazement  
of dumb heaven.  
Are we not cynical, uproarious, obscene, and  
impudent?  
Do we not proclaim ourselves the top-notch of the  
world?  
And therein are we not godly?

Behold, though you are terrible,  
Though you shadow us over with a mysterious  
vastness,  
Though your smallest toe is as huge as the Milky  
Way,

And we stand just below it,  
We laugh back and are unafraid, and treat you at  
best as a jolly comrade.

But, dear old Universe, it's the wickedest child that  
is the darling.  
We *are* your darlings, are we not?  
Truly now fine impudent young gods have risen to  
companion you,  
Yes, to transcend you, and by transcending you, bring  
you to new fulfilments.

For your sublimity has bungled.  
It simply spewed out life, chaotic, haphazard,  
Till by divine accidents, and out of the deadliest  
purposes,  
*We* were born: to see; to know; to take hold on  
creation;  
To laugh away fear and vastness and the doubts that  
inhibit,  
And so, with glad visions, to build up a world in the  
world,  
And shape ourselves greater.

Laughter saves us;  
Still more than half of us is buried in the quicksands  
of the tragic universe.  
Still we suffer, slay, and are tortured;  
Still we doubt and are damned.  
But comes the moment when we look round about at  
ourselves,  
And, seeing how absurd our own antics are, laugh  
and are healed.

And so at the last the laughing animal shall save  
creation.  
Already the wisened stars must be pricking up their  
ears, dumfounded,  
To catch that raucous cackle and chortle from the  
worthless earth,  
That mirth in the trenches of the dead,  
That noise of relatives eating ham sandwiches after  
the funeral is over,  
That chuckle of the rebuilders of cities following the  
earthquake,  
That wheezing gay cough of the dying consumptive  
over the doctor's joke.

Come, old Universe, follow the laughters!  
They are sane; they see; they shall know; they are  
ripe for adventures;  
Their daring shall bear no limit;  
Their courage is wickedly great.  
Nerved with your purpose, they rise from chaos,  
creating;  
They are out to conquer, they are out to work,  
They shall sow the skies with laughter.

And now I think that your very purpose was in this:  
That your great face struggled for ages on ages to  
break in a smile.  
Ye are that smile.

W So I say yes —  
Yes to the dance of feet in the spring,  
Yes to the shouts of children,  
Yes to laughter.

Laughter, last of the gods,  
And of them the greatest,  
Yes, say I, and salute you.

*The Century Magazine*

*James Oppenheim*

## I WILL SEND THE COMFORTER

April lit the apple-flower and waved it,  
Music nested on the spray,  
Loudly called the lookout bird through rainbows,  
Earth was curving into May.

In that hour the light from hillside orchards  
Pierced me, and the heavens about  
Opened, and before intenser burning,  
Fire by fire myself went out.

Flashing seas beyond the melted skymark  
Sang beneath another dome;  
There my vision sailed to breathless knowledge,  
Sailed and found and drew back home.

Peace was in me from the starry motion,  
Then this breast bore One divine,  
At Life's marriage feast the hidden Lover,  
Master of the water and wine.

Through this flesh his suns of power and beauty  
Warned the moaning worlds to song;  
Bread and healing from my broken body  
Fed the sky-bewildered throng.

Oh, my spirit would have freed earth's music,  
Radiant, captive, yearning, mute;



Swift I plucked and held up apple branches,  
Signals of the ripened fruit.

But the morning fell as leaves around me,  
And the clay unpurified  
Mocked me, scourged me, till the dove-like glory  
Vanished from my wounded side.

Broken apple branches reaching sunward,  
Distant sea and no sail spread,  
These remain, and clouds above the hillside,  
And the multitude unfed.

Yet my heart had found on one far island  
Where the high dream dipped its prow,  
Arrowy odors of immortal apples,  
Raining from a golden bough.

Flame that led me in that hour of marvel,  
Shall we ever win again  
Past the sea-line to the fruit and bring it  
Glorious for the hearts of men?

Helmsman, lover, I am empty-handed,  
Silent, empty, year on year,  
But through all the skies my longing rises,  
Longing, longing. Will you hear?

*The Comforter Speaks:*

My beloved, I have never left you.  
Through your breath I breathe the night,  
Through your veins my pulses flow in darkness,  
But in deeper worlds is light.

Deep within you sweep the burning splendors  
Brighter than your gaze can bear;

There I watch among the dawns within you,  
Sky on sky is folded there.

There I see the outward heavens open  
As the inner heavens unfold;  
There, in tidal light, eternal islands  
Orb the ever-living gold.

On those inward shores are fountains lifting  
Powers and suns of endless might;  
Songs of birth and gleams of dancers dancing  
Wash the ripening worlds with light.

Inward branches bear those fires of marvel  
Slowly in the lonely clay.  
Whoso suffers for my flame shall slowly  
Find me in the inner day.

Wanderers deepening to those bright horizons  
Hidden by the bosom's wall,  
Slowly as through music long forgotten  
Reach me and remember all.

Lonely one in silences unyielding,  
I am there whom tears conceal;  
After victories I am in the stillness,  
Underneath despairs I heal.

Whoso suffers for my vision to bring it starlike  
Earthward out of dream at last,  
Bears the fruit and deepens homeward from the  
darkness,  
Holy sailor of the starry vast.

*The New Republic*

*Ridgely Torrence*

## CINQUAINS

### I

#### TRIAD

These be  
Three silent things:  
The falling snow . . . the hour  
Before the dawn . . . the mouth of one  
Just dead.

### II

#### MOON-SHADOWS

Still as  
On windless nights  
The moon-cast shadows are,  
So still will be my heart when I  
Am dead.

### III

#### SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS

"Why do  
You thus devise  
Evil against her?" "For that  
She is beautiful, delicate;  
Therefore."

### IV

#### NIGHT WINDS

The old  
Old winds that blew  
When chaos was, what do  
They tell the clustered trees that I  
Should weep?

V

AMAZE

I know  
Not these hands  
And yet I think there was  
A woman like me once had hands  
Like these.

VI

THE WARNING

Just now,  
Out of the strange  
Still dusk . . . as strange, as still . . .  
A white moth flew. . . . Why am I grown  
So cold?

*Others: A Magazine of the New Verse*  
*Adelaide Crapsey*

MASTERY

I would not have a god come in  
To shield me suddenly from sin,  
And set my house of life to rights;  
Nor angels with bright burning wings  
Ordering my earthly thoughts and things;  
Rather my own frail guttering lights  
Wind-blown and nearly beaten out,  
Rather the terror of the nights  
And long sick groping after doubt,  
Rather be lost than let my soul  
Slip vaguely from my own control —  
Of my own spirit let me be  
In sole though feeble mastery.

*The Bellman*

*Sara Teasdale*

## TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE

The rusty key has whined in the lock, the rickety door is fast;  
They are shut inside with their irksome job, left to themselves at last.  
A dozen chairs, and a rough deal board, and a curtain hung askew —  
And here they'll bide till they can decide, the twelve good men and true.

A prisoned bee in the hot sunlight hums on an upper pane,  
His low monotonous mumble set to a garrulous grim refrain —  
“Guilty or not?” “Guilty or not?” The heavy hours lurch by.  
They nick the table with idle knives, and shift their quids and sigh.

*Æons gone, when the new-turned world rolled to the brink of space,  
Out of a storm of star-dust hurled to its appointed place —  
The great Lord God that fashioned it spake in the Trinity.  
(Surely a thunder shook the skies.) Let Us make man, said He.*

Up in the dusty jury room the frantic bee falls dumb;  
A yawning watcher seals its doom with the flick of a calloused thumb.  
“Guilty or not?” “Guilty or not?” They fidget with their trust —  
A freeman soon, or, in a moon, a dangling sack of dust?

Eleven in line; one lagging back, an old saw in his  
head,  
*Let Us make man, let Us make man . . . something*  
the Lord God said.  
Scrape of a chair, thump of a boot; he feels for his  
hat with a frown;  
"Have it your way, I've said my say. Look ye, the  
sun is down!"

*Æons gone, with His own strong hānds and by His*  
*own strange plan,*  
*Back in the red, dim dawn of time, brooding, He made*  
*Him man,*  
*In His own splendid image wrought; then, when the*  
*frame was whole,*  
*Breathed in his nostrils the breath of life, and lo, a*  
*living soul!*

The rusty key has groaned in the lock, a scuffling  
tread's on the stair;  
The wise judge offers his hooded ear. His words  
drop slow and spare:  
"Hanged by the neck till dead," speaks he. Make  
way and let them through—  
They're tired, now, and they want their tea, the  
twelve good men and true!

*Boston Transcript*

*Nancy Byrd Turner*

### AT THE OLD LADIES' HOME

There in a row of chairs upon the porch  
I saw them, women alien from the world,  
Set in a niche to watch the world go by:  
A few, born saints . . . but some had outworn sin;

Sisters at last, from having done with life.

Here Joan of Arc, grown past her soldier-dream,  
And Mariamne, spared her Herod's wrath,  
Forgetting Herod, gossiped for an hour;  
While calm Francesca, once knowing Paolo's love,  
Sat knitting peaceful in the noonday sun,  
And Nicolette, with Aucassin long gone,  
Made painful writing with a wrinkled hand.

"Ah, let me die," I prayed, "before the glow  
Shall leave my body, and before my tears  
Shall buy me patience; take me while I feel  
The lure-of-things that blesses with its hurt —  
Dear God, give me not age!" (For I would keep  
You in my heart of hearts . . . for whose sad eyes  
These lines are set, O Dearest . . . to the last.)

Just then, among the many faces there,  
I glimpsed a face most delicate and pale  
And very lovely with that wistfulness  
In which the shadows of long sorrow lie;  
Meeting my look, she smiled, and, with that smile,  
Somehow the lilacs by the iron fence,  
The plumed grass brushing low across the path,  
Brought back to me an afternoon in May  
And a sweet garden where I sometimes played  
When I fared forth in gingham pinafore:  
I saw Another (dead so many years,  
Her name I could not in that hour recall):  
Old she had been as ashes in a jar  
She kept upon a high, old-fashioned chest  
In an old-fashioned room in her still house . . .  
Now I remembered with what passionate warmth  
A cheek had once been pressed against my cheek,  
What frail and trembling arms had lifted me  
To touch that silvery dust within the jar.

Perhaps it is God's will I shall grow old  
And none may read beneath my quietness . . .  
Gardens in May, or any memory  
Of you! And yet for very shame to-night  
I change my prayer, and ask for strength to live.

*The Bellman*

*Ruth Guthrie Harding*

## SONG

I make my shroud, but no one knows,  
So shimmering fine it is and fair,  
With stitches set in even rows.  
I make my shroud, but no one knows.

In doorway where the lilac blows,  
Humming a little wandering air,  
I make my shroud, and no one knows,  
So shimmering fine it is and fair.

*The Century Magazine*

*Adelaide Crapsey*

## THE CLERK

"Two and two are four, four and three are seven"—  
That is all that he can say where he sits in Heaven;  
"Two and two are four, four and three are seven"—  
Through the long celestial day.

"Two and two are four, four and three are seven"—  
Once he used to sing it down the halls of Heaven;  
"Work is hard but there's an answer,  
Far ahead great things are waiting,  
I will add the magic Figures,



I will seek the gleaming Balance —  
I will win the Master's praise."

"Two and two are four, four and three are seven"—  
Not so careful now in the place of Heaven;  
"Work is good but there is pleasure,  
I am young with time before me —  
O bright angel, from the shops of Heaven,  
Dance awhile, the Harper's playing —  
Drink the rainbow wine with me!"

"Two and two are four, four and three are seven"—  
Then he only droned it on his stool in Heaven;  
"Work is bread and bread is living,  
Little mouths grow very hungry  
In the rooms of Paradise —  
She must wear a golden feather  
When she walks along the sky."

"Two and two are four, four and three are seven"—  
Just a whisper now through the walls of Heaven;  
"O I can not find the error,  
Can not strike the gleaming Balance —  
All the magic's out of Figures,  
All the wonder out of loving,  
And the Master has no praise."

"Two and two are four, four and three are seven"—  
Still he mutters on at the books of Heaven —  
"Work is bread and bread is living"—  
Through the long celestial day.

*Contemporary Verse*

*Scudder Middleton*

## WE WHO WERE LOVERS OF LIFE

(Chorus from "Persephone in Hades" in "The Story of Eleusis")

We who were lovers of life, who were fond of the  
hearth and the homeland,  
Gone like a drowner's cry borne on the perilous  
wind,  
Gone from the glow of the sunlight, now are in exile  
eternal;  
Strangers sit in the place dear to us once as our  
own.

Happy are they; and they know not we were as  
strangers before them;  
Nay, nor that others shall come: Knowledge be-  
longs to the dead.  
Life is so rich that the living look not away from  
the present;  
Eyes that the sun made blind learn in the dusk to  
see.

Once we had friends, we had kindred; all of us now  
are forgotten,  
All but the hero-kings, lords of the glory of war;  
These with the founders of cities, live for a little in  
stories  
Told of the deeds they did, not of the men that  
they were.

Those who were mighty but linger, shadowy forms  
in a legend;  
Never the minstrel's tale tells what they were to  
their wives.  
None on the lips of remembrance live as their chil-  
dren knew them;

Merged in the darkness kings rank with the record-  
less dead.

Whether our lifetime brought to us joy or the burden  
of sorrow,

Whether in youth or age, all when we come from  
the earth

Clinging to memories wander slow through the  
shadowless meadows,

Dash from the proffered cup Lethe's oblivious  
draught.

Long are the years and uncounted passed in the sea-  
sonless twilight

Thinking of things that were, feeling the ache of  
regret;

Slowly the echoes fade and the homeland hills are  
forgotten:

Over the flame-swept waste waters of healing are  
poured.

Lovers of action, lovers of sunlight, rovers of ocean,  
Shepherds, tillers of earth, yea, at the last we forget.

Longer a woman remembers words that were uttered  
in moonlight,

Girlhood's vision and dream, pitiful things of the  
home.

Here by the rivers of Hades; Phlegethon, Acheron,  
Lethe,

Wisdom comes, and the dead judge what they did  
with their lives:

Never the clustering vineyard yielded to any its  
fulness —

Ah, but the children here playing their desolate games!

*The Poetry Review of America*    *Louis V. Ledoux*

**THE YEAR BOOK  
OF AMERICAN POETRY  
1916**



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*temporary Verse*, Mar.; \* COME TO ME OUT OF THE  
 DARK, *The Trimmed Lamp*, Jan.; COUNTERVALENCE, *Con-*  
*temporary Verse*, Mar.; CREATION, *Poetry Journal*, Jan.;  
 DESIRE, *Others, A Magazine of the New Verse*, Apr.;  
 ESCAPE, *Others, A Magazine of the New Verse*, Apr.;  
 FINIS, *The Masses*, Aug.; FLIRTATION, *The Masses*, Aug.;  
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*Masses*, Aug.; IN THE ART INSTITUTE, *The Masses*, Aug.;  
 MAKE BELIEVE, *Contemporary Verse*, Mar.; RAVELLING,  
*The Masses*, Aug.; RIDDLE, *Others, A Magazine of the*  
*New Verse*, Apr.; \* THE FIELD AND THE COULTER, *Poetry*  
*Journal*, Oct., '15; \* THE MEASURE, *Poetry Journal*,  
 Jan.; THE UNCHANGING, *The Masses*, July; VITA  
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- Huckfield, Leyland, \* DEATH SONG OF THE MAD GOD WHO  
 MADE THE GRAND CANYON, *The Trimmed Lamp*, Mar.
- Huey, Maud Morrison, IN SEARCH OF HAPPINESS. *Youth's*  
*Companion*, May 11.
- Hunn, Clarke Fox, MANHATTAN, *Scherzando, Poetry Jour-*  
*nal*, May.
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*Verse*, Sept.

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Johnson, Rossiter, \**THE DARK AGES*, *Colonnade*, Apr.

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Johnston, Florence Poyas, \**NEW MEXICO*, *The Century*, Dec., '15.

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- Kauffman, Reginald Wright, IN AFTER YEARS, *Smart Set*, Dec., '15.
- Kauffman, Ruth Wright, TO THE GARDENER, *Harper's Magazine*, Nov., '15.
- Kegel, Wilhelm, THE ENDS JUSTIFY, *Others, A Magazine of Verse*, Jan.
- Kelley, Ethel M., THE OTHER CHILD, *Harper's Magazine*, Jan.
- Kemp, Harry, \* MARCH NIGHT, *Home and Garden*, Mar.; REBELLION, *The Masses*, July; \* RESURRECTION, *The Masses*, Mar.; THE STORMY STAR, *The Masses*, June; ZENOBIA, *The Masses*, Feb.
- Kennon, Harry B., MARY, *Reedy's Mirror*, Dec. 17, '15; MUSIC VISIBLE, *Reedy's Mirror*, Apr. 21.
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- Kervan, Alte Stilwell, THE ORGAN MAN, *Youth's Companion*, Mar. 16.
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- Kilmer, Aline, \* THE GARDEN CHILD, *The Outlook*, May 24.
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- Kiser, Helen Bullis, *THE BRIDES, Smart Set*, Dec., '15.
- Knapp, Ethel Marjorie, *A MINIATURE, Youth's Companion*, Aug. 10.
- Kneffner, Louise Mallinckrodt, *THE PRAIRIE, Others, A Magazine of the New Verse*, Jan.; \* *THE SEA, Others, A Magazine of the New Verse*, Jan.
- Knevels, Gertrude, *MAIN STREET, Youth's Companion*, June 1.
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- Lane, J. M., *AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER, Smart Set*, July.
- Lasker, Raymond, *JUSTICE, Colonnade*, July.
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- Le Bras, Anatole, *THE SONG OF THE BLOWING WIND*, translated from the French by Elizabeth S. Dickerman, *Post Lore*, Summer No.
- Ledoux, Louis V., \* *MATER DOLOROSA, Harper's Magazine*, May; \* *PERSEPHONE IN HADES, Poetry Review of America*, June; \* *SONG OF THE DAUGHTERS OF CELEUS, Harper's Magazine*, June.

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- Le Gallienne, Richard, \*SEA SORCERY, *Harper's Weekly*, Apr. 29; VIOLIN MUSIC, *Harper's Magazine*, Mar.; \*WOOD FLOWER, *Harper's Magazine*, Aug.
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- Low, Page, *THE HOUSEWIFE, Smart Set*, January.
- Lowell, Amy, \* *AN AQUARIUM, Ready's Mirror*, July 7; \* *BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK, Scribner's*, August; *IMPRESSIONIST PICTURE OF A GARDEN, The Trimmed Lamp*, April; \* *IN A TIME OF DEARTH, The Century*, September; \* *MALMAISON, Little Review*, June-July; \* *NUMBER 3 ON THE DOCKET, Poetry Review of America*,

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- O'Hara, John Myers, *LETHE*, *Smart Set*, July; \* *NEW SONGS OF SAPPHO*, *Poetry Review of America*, Sept.; *VALE*, *Poetry Journal*, Dec., '15.
- O'Neil, David, \* *LOVE*, *Poetry Review of America*, Sept.; \* *SOLITUDE*, *Little Review*, Jan.-Feb.
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- O'Sullivan. Scumas, *HAVE THOU NO FEAR*, *Smart Set*, Oct., '15.
- Paine, Albert Bigelow, *INSOMNIA*, *The Century*, Sept.; \* *THE DESERTED HOUSE*, *Scribner's Magazine*, Aug.; \* *THE FROZEN BROOK*, *The Century*, Mar.; *SUMMER NIGHT*, *The Century*, June.; \* *THE SUPERMAN*, *Harper's Magazine*, June.
- Palen, Lewis Stanton, *THE POSTERN GATE TO THE LAND OF DREAMS*, *Harper's Weekly*, Mar. 25.
- Pangborn, Georgia Wood, *THE MOTHER SPEAKS*, *Harper's Magazine*, May.
- Parrish, Emma Kenyon, \* *YEAHEN*, *Contemporary Verse*, Aug.
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- Patterson, Antoinette De Coursey, *CARNAGE*, *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, May; *RESTLESSNESS*, *Contemporary*

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- Richmond, Charles A., \* A SONG, *Scribner's Magazine*, June; \* BETWEEN THE LINES, *The Outlook*, July 26; \* BROTHER JONATHAN, *The Outlook*, Feb. 16; \* BROTHER JONATHAN SPEAKS HIS MIND, *The Outlook*, Mar. 15; \* BROTHER JONATHAN'S TRIALS, *The Outlook*, May 13; THE LORD'S PRAYER, *The Outlook*, Dec. 22.
- Rickard, Oswald M., KING-GER-UMF AND THE FLIXIE-FLIES, *Youth's Companion*, Aug. 17.
- Riley, James, ASSURANCE, *Contemporary Verse*, May.
- Rilke, Rainer Maria, GLIMPSE OF A CHILDHOOD, trans. from the German by Margarete Münsterberg, *Post Lore*, New Year's No.
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- Robins, Nelson, THE BEST, *Youth's Companion*, Jan. 27.
- Robinson, Corinne Roosevelt, \* "IF I COULD HOLD MY GRIEF," *Poetry Review of America*, Aug.; THE PATH THAT LEADS NOWHERE, *Scribner's Magazine*, Apr.
- Robinson, Edwin Arlington, \* NIMMO'S EYES, *Scribner's Magazine*, Apr.; \* THE UNFORGIVEN, *Scribner's Magazine*, Nov., '16.
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- Rockwell, Leo L., INVITATION, *Colonnade*, Aug.



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- Saxon, Helen A., THE RECRUIT, *Youth's Companion*, Aug. 17.
- Schauffler, Robert Haven, EARTH'S EASTER: MCMXVI, *The Outlook*, Apr. 26.
- Scheffauer, Ethel Talbot, THE VALIANT DUST, *The Bellman*, June 3.
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- Seaver, Robert, THE SAUCY SEA HORSE, *Youth's Companion*, Jan. 27.
- Seibel, George, AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER? *The Outlook*, Apr. 12; THE KISS, *The Century*, Jan.

- Seiffert, Marjorie Allen, *DEILLUSION, Others, A Magazine of the New Verse*, Apr.; *NOVEMBER AFTERNOON, Others, A Magazine of the New Verse*, Apr.; *TO A LADY, Ready's Mirror*, Sept. 22; \* *THE LAST ILLUSION, Others, A Magazine of the New Verse*, Apr.; \* *THE PICNIC, Little Review*, Jan.-Feb.; *THEME ARRANGED FOR AN ORGAN, Contemporary Verse*, Sept.
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- Sexton, Bernard, *A RHYME FOR THE SWINE, The Masses*, Mar.
- Seymour, Barbara, *THE THRESHOLD, Harper's Magazine*, Mar.
- Shanafelt, Clara, *A GALLANT WOMAN, Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, June; *DEVICE, Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, June; *JEUNE, Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, June; \* *PASTEL, Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, June; \* *SCHERZO, Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, June.
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- Shepard, Morgan, *BIRTHDAY, Youth's Companion*, Jan. 13.
- Shepard, Odell, *CERTAIN AMERICAN POETS, Smart Set*, Jan.; \* *COMRADES, Youth's Companion*, Jan. 13; \* *EARTH-BORN, Smart Set*, Nov., '15; *EVENING, Smart Set*, June; *HOUSEMATES, Youth's Companion*, Feb. 3; *MORNING, Smart Set*, June; \* *VANITAS, Smart Set*, May.
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- Sherman, Isaac R., *PURSERY RHYME, The Masses*, May.
- Shumaker, Harriet Hall, *PERPETUATED, Contemporary Verse*, June.
- Siebach, Margaret R., *HOME FROM SCHOOL, Youth's Companion*, June 8.
- Sill, Louise Morgan, *REMEMBERING, Post Lore*, Summer No., *THE OLD WOMAN, Scribner's Magazine*, Nov., '15.
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- Smerka, Otto, *FROM THE BRIDGE, Everybody's Magazine*, May.
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- Starbuck, Victor, \*NIGHT FOR ADVENTURES, *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, Aug.
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- Stokes, William H., REFUGE, *Los Angeles Graphic*, June 10;

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- Tyson, Mary Stuart, EASTER EVEN, *Contemporary Verse*, January; THE QUEST, *Contemporary Verse*, January.

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- Untermeyer, Jean Staff, *A BALLAD, The Masses*, January; *A TEACHER, The Masses*, January; \* *BIRTH, The Masses*, June; \* *CLOTHES, Poetry Review of America*, August; *HIGH TIME, The Masses*, January; *MIRAGE, Smart Set*, December, 1915; *MOONRISE, The Masses*, September; \* *SONGS, The Masses*, September; *TOLERANCE AND TRUTH, The Masses*, March; *THE ONE WISH, The Masses*, January; \* *THE POTTERIES, The Masses*, September.
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White, Albert Clement, Editor. *A Little Book of Irish  
Verses*. E. P. Dutton and Co.  
Wilson, Richard. *Coronata: A Book of Poems in Rhyme  
and Rhythm*. E. P. Dutton and Co.  
Wood, Clement. *Glad of Earth*. Laurence J. Gomme.  
Woolson, Abba Goold. *With Garlands Green*. The Uni-  
versity Press, Cambridge.

X107. *Life at the Lees*. Hall's Bookshop, Boston.

Yeats, William Butler. *Responsibilities*. The Macmillan  
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## A SELECT LIST OF BOOKS ABOUT POETS AND POETRY

- Æ. Imagination and Reveries.* The Macmillan Co.
- Baker, Arthur E. *A Tennyson Dictionary.* E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Boyd, Ernest A. *Ireland's Literary Renaissance.* John Lane Co.
- Drinkwater, John. *The Lyric.* George H. Doran Co.
- Figgis, Darrell. *Æ (George W. Russell).* Dodd, Mead and Co.
- Fletcher, Jefferson Butler. *Dants.* (Home University Library.) Henry Holt and Co.
- Gardner, Charles. *Vision and Vesture: A Study of William Blake in Modern Thought.* E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Harris, Frank. *Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions.* Privately Printed.
- Hustvedt, Sigurd Bernard. *Ballad Criticism in Scandinavia, and Great Britain During the Eighteenth Century.* The American-Scandinavian Foundation.
- Jennings, J. S. *An Essay on Metaphor in Poetry.* Charles E. Merrill Co.
- Kittredge, George Lyman. *Shakespeare: An Address Delivered on April 23, 1916, in Sanders Theatre.* Harvard University Press.
- Kunz, George Frederick. *Shakespeare and Precious Stones.* J. P. Lippincott Co.
- Leaf, Walter. *Homer and History.* The Macmillan Co.
- Laughlin, Clara E. *Reminiscences of James Whitcomb Riley.* Fleming H. Revell Co.
- Lee, Sir Sidney. *A Life of Shakespeare* (new edition). The Macmillan Co.
- Manning, Clarence Augustus. *A Study of Archaism in Euripides.* Columbia University Press.

- Matthews, Brander, and Thorndike, Ashley Horace. *Shakespearean Studies by Members of the English and Comparative Literature Department in Columbia University*. Columbia University Press.
- Reid, Forrest. *W. B. Yeats: A Critical Study*. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Salaman, Malcolm. *Shakespeare in Pictorial Art*. John Lane Co.
- Sprague, Homer B. *Studies in Shakespeare*. The Pilgrim Press.
- Stopes, Mrs. C. C. *Shakespeare's Industry*. The Macmillan Co.
- Sturgeon, Mary C. *Studies of Contemporary Poets*. Dodd, Mead, and Co.
- Thompson, Elbert N. S. *John Milton: Topical Bibliography*. The Yale University Press.
- Thomson, J. A. C. *The Greek Tradition*. The Macmillan Co.
- Thorndike, Ashley Horace. *Shakespeare's Theatre*. The Macmillan Co.
- Ticknor, Caroline. *Poe's Helen*. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Watts-Dunton, Theodore. *Old Familiar Faces*. E. P. Dutton and Co. *Poetry and the Renaissance of Wonder*. E. P. Dutton and Co.
- Winchester, C. T. *William Wordsworth: How to Know Him*. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
- Woodberry, George Edward. *Shakespeare: An Address Delivered at Brown University, April, 1916*. The Woodberry Society.



## FIFTEEN IMPORTANT VOLUMES OF POEMS PUBLISHED IN 1916

*The Jig of Forslin. A Symphony of Vicarious Adventures.* By Conrad Aiken. (The Four Seas Co.) Mr. Aiken has written a long poem in which the hero tells his "vicarious adventures." He conducts the reader through the channels of his reflections, which brood upon incidents that would be sordid and immoral if they were not vitalised with some far-reaching speculations on truth and destiny. The poem in a sense is stark realism, with all those elements of modernity which brings one face to face with humanity.

*Life and Living.* By Amelia Josephine Burr. (George H. Doran Co.) Impulsiveness has been a part of Miss Burr's poetic charm. But in this new volume it no longer vanishes off in moods that grow vague as a distinct echo. The fearless observation of life reflected in this collection shows a notable advance in her art. She commands a technique of admirable simplicity; she has an instinctive sense of music. Her power of visualization is of a high order. She sings in the truest sense, being a suggester and interpreter of life and experience, holding no brief, except for what is lovely and true.

*April Airs.* By Bliss Carman. (Small, Maynard and Co.) In this volume we find Mr. Carman again giving voice to the elemental things of the world. He is abounding youthfulness and ardent. He gives us the "unworn ritual of eternal things." The poet does not take us into the school of exhortations, but rather out into the open where the lessons are from nature's own hand, bounteous with her beauties and delights, with her mysteries and magic of flower and wind, and roads and skies and streams. He is possessed of an imaginative vision clear as sunlight.

*Verse.* By Adelaide Crapsey. (The Manas Press, Rochester, N. Y.) Verse with the economy of speech and the prodigality of spirit, verse that wears its own habit of adornment, and that has its own miraculous vision of life, is the kind of verse Adelaide Crapsey has left us. This volume is the remarkable testament of a spirit flashing "unquenched defiance to the stars." In form the verses are perfectly chiseled gems. Miss Crapsey invented a form called "Cinquains," in which is contained a dynamic mood or thought. The vigor and depths of the poet's emotional

and imaginative force are, in these, -at their best. The power to condense the abstract inner mood into this utterance so concrete, so swiftly and overpoweringly transformed, has all the evidence of that extraordinary quality we call genius.

*The Cycle's Rim.* By Olive Telford Dargan. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) In this sonnet-sequence Mrs. Dargan produces a poem that comes near to being a masterpiece. It is a memorial, but each individual sonnet is a wreath of intellectual analysis in which the flowers of emotion and imagery are set as in a design.

*Mountain Interval.* By Robert Frost. (Henry Holt and Co.) All the qualities which we have come to associate with Mr. Frost's poetry are here repeated with a broader conception of the spirit of rural New England life, and a technique of verse more tightly woven to the principles of rhythm developed in his earlier volumes. The poems in this collection however, are more compressed in substance. There are pieces of sheer lyrical beauty, filled with the color and atmosphere of the New England countryside; and there are narratives such as "Snow," and "In the Home Stretch," which for suspense and characterization are handled with supreme invention. That indescribable magic which Mr. Frost evokes from the plain and severe quality of New England life and character glows again in these pages.

*The Story of Eleusis.* By Louis V. Ledoux. (The Macmillan Co.) Mr. Ledoux of all our younger American poets, is the most thoroughly imbued with the classic mood. He expresses a genuine passion, there is no false simulation, no reflection of a glamor that is remote by association, or is the thin echo of other imaginative voices. The "Story of Eleusis" dealing with the legend of Persephone and Demeter, is a poetic play in which the poet symbolizes the final triumph of the soul over darkness. The art of the play is built up with rhythms whose elaborate and grave music is all the more impressive for the simplicity of diction. From the beginning to the end one feels the consciousness of its architectonic values, the sense of a monumental mood embodied in the fitting materials of speech.

*Men, Women and Ghosts.* By Amy Lowell. (The Macmillan Co.) Definitely the verse-stories in this volume place Miss Lowell among the contemporary poets who have arrived. Now that her art, an art built upon the elements of revolt against tradition, has amply and fully

functioned to a degree where it can no longer be assailed for either inadequacy or wilfulness; her substance alone offers a matter for controversy. But the substance is here with an astonishing measure of emotional and visionary power. It is seldom to be discerned by any test of subjective sentiment; she knows experience as something spun like fine sunshine thrown over life, and from which she evokes an objective pattern more universal than particular. It is a reading of life, dramatic, vivid, effective, in which delicate and tender moods, are as expressive as those vigorous strokes in which qualities of romantic terror and naturalism abound.

*Songs and Satires. By Edgar Lee Masters. (The Macmillan Co.)* The Masters of "Songs and Satires," will not hold our attention as he held it in the "Spoon River Anthology." The reason is obvious, and must not be counted against Mr. Masters, because it is largely, in fact wholly, the difference between reading a work with interrelated interests, reacting upon each other like a novel, and a work of quite independent parts. The diversity of themes in "Songs and Satires," is hardly less conspicuous than the forms which are employed in this volume. The exact cadence of the free verse which gave "Spoon River Anthology" its unusual character is not often presented here. There is ample evidence of it to show that Mr. Masters has not and does not intend to abandon its practice. Three or four of the most striking poems in this volume are written in this manner; but he uses for the most part the general conventions of metre, giving them their individual qualities by the adaptations of variety for the peculiar substantive purpose in hand, a common experiment with all good poets in our tongue. His materials in these poems are not essentially different from the materials of the "Anthology," if we regard a certain aspect of life which it is not pleasant to bring to the gaze of the market-place. They make that naked reality which goes with experience, desire in all its nudity, with tints of countenance, hue of limbs, subtleties of warm, vivid flesh; every differentiating quality symbolizing the cynical, satiric, ironic, pathetic, inexplicable paradox of soul and body.

*The Night Court and Other Verses. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. (The Century Co.)* Miss Mitchell (in private life Mrs. William Sanborn Young) has a real and impressive power of imagination. Her highest poetic quality is a

little difficult to describe because it is at once both literal and symbolic. There is no one among our younger poets with quite her power of compressing the abstract and expanding the concrete within the same emotional furnace. For a first book this collection is an excellent accomplishment. There is a maturity of touch that seems incredible for a young poet; apart from the art, what is still more striking, is the substance which is streaked with so many gleams of a strong visual imagination.

*War and Laughter.* By James Oppenheim. (The Century Co.) Blended with his social message in which democracy is habited with a spiritual vision, Mr. Oppenheim's poems in this volume give us a sense of the richness of the world. His philosophy is an acceptance of the existence to be experienced between war and laughter. It is a philosophy that has its roots in the earth, and its flower in the air of eternity. The struggle going on in man between his desire and possession, between his body and spirit, can be conquered by laughter. That is to say, man's salvation is in his natural joys. This volume will tend to confirm the impression made by "Songs for the New Age," that the social vision has in Mr. Oppenheim a channel of expression that is as vigorous with affirmation as it is subtle in symbolisation, as colorful in image as it is natural in rhythmic balance.

*Harvest Moon.* By Josephine Preston Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) This is the first book we have had from Mrs. Marks for several years, and it comes as a serious and profound commentary on the ethical and moral aspects of war. The passionate substance of these poems rendered with all the subtle music and striking imagery which the poet has at hand, will leave an impressive record of this world-stormy period few, if any, American poets will approach. A spiritual significance rises from the poignant utterances of these poems and will have a determining influence upon man's attitude towards the senseless perpetuation of war. The volume sets a spark to the re-awakened conscience of humanity.

*The Man Against the Sky.* By Edwin Arlington Robinson. (The Macmillan Co.) Here is a poet with the most individual art of any in America, and he achieves it by a process that is baffling because it is simple. It can be studied in the titular poem "The Man Against the Sky." In this ode we find the poet dealing with the lofty aspirations of humanity to achieve through the individual its high destiny,

with a commentary on the means and ideals, the checks and limitations of traditions, and the bold reliances upon prophetic orientations of the spirit. Over and over again the poet faces the inescapable future with clear and unperturbed recognition; and in dissecting the experiences of life, he lifts the appalling oppressiveness of its truth by a cleansing sense of humor. This volume contains the greatest poem ever written on Shakespeare, and numerous others which given the study that all profound and magical work demands, will satisfy the most exacting that in Mr. Robinson American poetry has to-day its deepest vision and most enduring speech.

*Sea and Bay.* By Charles Wharton Stork. (John Lane Co.) Mr. Stork has put the bay-folk of Rhode Island into a narrative poem that has a very telling significance. He has done, in a measure, for southern New England what a great many poets have done for the northern part. He has done it individually, and without leaning in any sense upon the success or achievements of his contemporaries of the north. He shows the influence of the bay and sea upon a man's life. A captivating link of episodes and situations carry one through the narrative with unabated interest. Songs of a fine lyrical quality are dispersed throughout the poem. Mr. Stork's accomplishment is not only marked for its poetic quality, but also for the story-interest.

*Fruit-Gathering.* By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (The Macmillan Co.) A collection of the Bengali poet's translations of his own work in the beautiful style and mystical feeling of "Gitanjali." The message of this mystic, which gave a new sense of life and eternity to the English speaking world a few years ago, will be welcomed in this new collection which the admirers of the poet will not fail to make one of their most cherished verse-possession of the year.

## ARTICLES AND REVIEWS OF POETS AND POETRY PUBLISHED DURING 1916

*This list is not confined to articles on American poets or poetry, but includes articles and reviews dealing with all aspects of poetry in American publications. While the list is extensive it is not claimed to be complete. It provides, however, a valuable working source of reference for any who wish to make a critical study of contemporary poetry either American or European. In making the index conform to the titles, especially to the reviews in literary newspapers, it has been necessary for convenience, to supplement the titles of articles with names of authors and volumes.*

Aiken, Conrad. Illusory Freedom in Poetry. *Poetry Journal*, May.

Looking Pegasus in the Mouth. *Poetry Journal*, Feb.

Prizes and Anthologies. *Poetry Journal*, Nov., '15.

Alden, Raymond M. Recent Poetry. *Dial*, Jan. 6, Mar. 30, July 15.

Aldington, Richard. A Note on Stéphené Mallarmé. *Poetry Review of America*, Sept.

Aldis, Mary. Some Imagist Poets: 1916. *Little Review*, June-July.

Amram, Beulah B. Swinburne and Carducci. *Yale Review*, Jan.

Anderson, Margaret C. The Poet Speaks. *Little Review*, Apr.

Anon. A Poet of the 'Nineties (Lionel Johnson). *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, Mar.

Poems and Letters of X107: A Soul in Prison. *Harper's Magazine*, Sept.

Songs of Erin's Poet-Martyrs. *Reedy's Mirror*, July 7.

The Singing Man with the Hoe. *Unpopular Review*, Jan.

Unpublished Papers of the Brownings. *Harper's Magazine*, Mar.

Armstrong, Ralph. Romance of Bayard Taylor. *The Bookman*, Nov., '15.

Baxter, Sylvester. Ruben Dario: Spanish America's Great Poet. *Poetry Review of America*, June.

Belden, H. M. The Mediæval Popular Ballad. *Sewanee Review*.

- Bellows, Henry Adams. Cawein and Riley: Poets of America. *The Bellman*, Aug. 19.
- Out of Shropshire, *The Bellman*, June 3.
- Verse, Poetry and Prose. *The Bellman*, Apr. 13.
- Bicknell, Percy F. Watts-Dunton and His Circle. *Dial*, Mar. 16.
- Blackwell, Alice Stone. An Hungarian Poet. *Post Lore*, Spring No.
- Bradford, Gamaliel. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. *The Bookman*, Nov., '15.
- Walt Whitman. *The Bookman*, Jan.
- Braithwaite, William Stanley. A Laureate of the Verdant Fields (Francis Ledwidge). *Boston Transcript*, Jan.
- A Modern Poet of Old-Fashioned Song (Charles Hanson Towne). *Ibid.*, April 1.
- A New England Poem (Stork's "Sea and Bay"). *Ibid.*, June 3.
- A Poet Comes Out of Mississippi (William Alexander Percy). *Ibid.*, Jan. 22.
- A Potent Exponent of Free Verse (Alfred Kreymborg). *Ibid.*, May 20.
- A Poet from the Far East (Sarojini Naidu). *Ibid.*, Sept. 27.
- A Poet Who Speaks from California (George Sterling). *Ibid.*, Sept. 20.
- A Poetic Apostle of Goblins and Pagodas (John Gould Fletcher). *Ibid.*, May 17.
- Amelia Josephine Burr's Book of Poems. *Ibid.*
- Amy Lowell Again Assails Tradition. *Ibid.*, Oct. 21.
- Amy Lowell on the Music of Speech. *Ibid.*, Sept. 2.
- Conrad Aiken's New Tales in Verse ("Turns and Movies"). *Ibid.*, Mar. 25.
- Homer Made New by Hermann Hagedorn. *Ibid.*, Mar. 15.
- James Whitcomb Riley. *Ibid.*, July 26.
- John Masfield, Master of the Sonnet. *Ibid.*, Feb. 16.
- Margaret Widdemer as Poet and Idealist. *Ibid.*, Jan. 5.
- Masfield, the New Chaucer. *Ibid.*, Jan. 15.
- More News from "Spoon River." *Ibid.*, Mar. 29.
- Percy MacKaye and the Nation's Rebirth. ("The Immigrants.") *Ibid.*, Jan. 12.
- Sara Teasdale. *Ibid.*, Aug. 8.
- Spoon River Anthology. *The Forum*, Jan.

- The Book of Winifred Maynard. *Boston Transcript*, Oct. 11.
- The Creed of a New Poetic Catholicism ("Catholic Anthology"). *Ibid.*, Mar. 18.
- The Emergence of a Chicago Versifier (Carl Sandburg). *Ibid.*, May 13.
- The Emotionalism of Arthur Symons ("Tragedies"). *Ibid.*, Sept. 23.
- The Fine Art of an American Poet (Louis V. Ledoux). *Ibid.*, Oct. 28.
- The High Priest of English Humor (Sir Owen Seaman). *Ibid.*
- The Imaginative Vision of Bliss Carman. *Ibid.*, May 10.
- The Latest Quintessence of Imagism. *Ibid.*, May 6.
- The Lutanists of Midsummer. *Ibid.*, Wednesdays, July 12-Sept. 13.
- I. July 12: Elsa Barker, Mitchell S. Buck, Donald Evans, Cuthbert Wright.
  - II. July 19: Mary Aldis, Norreys Jephson O'Connor, Lewis Worthington Smith.
  - III. July 26: Poems of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, A. St. John Adcock, J. C. Squire, George Sylvester Viereck.
  - IV. Aug. 2: Anthologies edited by Mrs. Waldo Richards, Alfred Kreymborg, Alfred Noyes, Richard Wilson.
  - V. Aug. 9: Caroline Stern, Frederick Mortimer Clapp, Robert Carlton Brown.
  - VI. Aug. 16: Witter Bynner, Gustaf Froding, Chester Firkins.
  - VII. Aug. 23: Walter Conrad Arensberg.
  - VIII. Aug. 30: Madeline Bridges, Ignatius Brennan, Strickland Gillilan, Anthony Euwer.
  - IX. Sept. 6: George Reginald Margetson, Gilbert Frankau, John R. Strong, Laura E. Lockwood.
  - X. Sept. 13: Katharine Adams, Isabel Moore, Beatrice Chase.
- The Lyrical Voice of a Popular Poet (Denis A. McCarthy). *Ibid.*, Sept. 30.
- "The Man Against the Sky." *Ibid.*, Feb. 26.
- The Poems of Ruth Comfort Mitchell. *Ibid.*, Oct. 14.
- The Rise of a Canadian Poet (Duncan Campbell Scott). *Ibid.*, Oct. 4.



- The Substance of Poetry. *Poetry Review of America*, May.
- The Visionary Soul of William Blake, *Boston Transcript*, Jan. 8.
- William Morris, the Master Craftsman. *Boston Transcript*, Jan. 19.
- William Shakespeare: Tercentenary Tributes. *Boston Transcript*, Apr. 22.
- Brawley, Benjamin G. Pre-Raphaelitism. *South Atlantic Quarterly*, Feb.
- Brégy, Katharine. The Shakespeare Tercentenary. *Catholic World*, Apr.
- Bretherton, Cyril H. Our Hand-Picked Poets. *Los Angeles Graphic*, Feb. 19.
- Bronner, Milton. James Elroy Flecker — English Par-nassian. *The Bookman*, Aug.
- Brooks, Alfred. New "Old" Poetry. *Dial*, June 8.
- Brown, Arthur C. L. The Great Saga of Ireland. An Ancient Irish Epic Tale: Tain Bo Cualnge. (Trans. and edited by Joseph Dunn.) *Dial*, May 25.
- Brown, Edmund R. A Master of Thought and Speech (Edwin Arlington Robinson). *Poetry Journal*, Mar.
- Buss, Kate M. French War Poets. *Poetry Review of America*, Sept.
- C., S. T. Browsings in an Old Book Shop. Dec. 25, '15.
- Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915. Jan. 8. John Donne. Apr. 22. Tributes to the Master Poets. Apr. 1. Whitman. Mar. 18. William Blake. *Los Angeles Graphic*.
- Campbell, Killis. New Notes on Poe's Early Years. *Dial*, Feb. 17.
- Canby, Henry S. Poetry for the Unpoetical. *Harper's Magazine*, Jan.
- Carman, Bliss. Hovey — How He Wrote "Barney McGee." *The Bookman*, Jan.
- Carruth, W. H. Dante in a New Translation. *Dial*, Oct. 28, '15.
- Cockerell, T. D. A. William Morris and the World To-day. *Dial*, Dec. 9, '15.
- Colton, Arthur. What is Meant by Poetry? *Unpopular Review*, July.
- Colum, Mary. The Later Yeats. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, Feb.

- Colum, Padraic. Egoism in Poetry. *The New Republic*, Nov. 20, '15.
- Stephen Phillips. *The New Republic*, Dec. 25, '15.
- The Irish Revolutionists. *Little Review*, June-July.
- Comfort, W. W. Studies of French Vers Libristes (Amy Lowell's "Six French Poets.") *Dial*, Mar. 2.
- Comer, Cornelia A. P. Poetry To-day. *Atlantic Monthly*, Apr.
- Corning, A. Elwood. Memories of Will Carleton. *The Forum*, Aug.
- Crawford, Nelson Antrim. An Interesting Bit of Folk Poetry. *Dial*, Jan. 6.
- Crothers, S. M. Gregariousness of Minor Poets. *Atlantic Monthly*, Sept.
- De Casseres, Benjamin. Shelley. *Poetry Journal*, July.
- De la Selva, Salomon. Ruben Dario. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, June.
- De Menil, Alexander. Poets and Poetry. *Hesperian*: Oct.-Dec., '15, Jan.-Mar., Apr.-June.
- Denison, Arthur. New American Poet (William Alexander Percy). *Los Angeles Graphic*, Aug. 5.
- Donnelly, Lucy Martin. Poet and Feminist. *The New Republic*, Apr. 29.
- Drinkwater, John. Rupert Brooke. *The Forum*, Dec., '15.
- Eby, Th. A Corporate Maecenas. *The New Republic*, Jan. 8.
- Erskine, John. John Masefield. *Poetry Review of America*, July.
- F., A. Two Belgian Poets. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- Ficke, Arthur Davison. A Divine Visionary. *Dial*, Oct. 14, '15.
- Imagism and Plagiarism. *Dial*, Dec. 9, '15.
- Firkins, O. W. American Verse. *The Nation*, Aug. 7.
- Amy Lowell and Others. *The Nation*, Jan. 22.
- British Poets: Gibson and Others. *The Nation*, Oct. 12.
- Magazine Verse for 1915. *The Nation*.
- Recent Poetry. *The Nation*, Mar. 2.
- Rupert Brooke and Other English Poets. *The Nation*, Feb. 10.
- Singers New and Old. *The Nation*, Jan. 6.
- Tale-Tellers and Lyrists. *The Nation*, May 25.

Fletcher, John Gould. Patterns in Criticism. *Reedy's Mirror*, Feb. 4.

Rupert Brooke: An Estimate. *The Trimmed Lamp*, Mar.

Three Imagist Poets. *Little Review*, May-June-July.

Gammons, Harold W. Vers Libre "Rhythmus" and Matthew Arnold. *Poetry Review of America*. July.

Gardner, Edmund G. The Abiding Power of Dante. *Catholic World*, Oct., '15.

Gilder, Rosamond. Letters of Richard Watson Gilder. *The Century*, Sept.

Gorham, Herbert S. Poetic Drama. *Poetry Journal*, Apr.

Hackett, Francis. 1887-1915 (Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke). *The New Republic*, Dec. 18, '15.

The Brooke Legend. *The New Republic*, Feb. 5.

"The Immortal Residue" (Verse, by Adelaide Crapsey). *The New Republic*, Jan. 22.

The New Generation (E. L. Masters' "Songs and Satires"). *The New Republic*, Apr. 29.

Haller, William. Byron and the British Conscience. *Swansea Review*, Feb.

Held, Conrad C. Some Moorish Influences upon the Folk-Songs of Spain. *Colonnade*, July.

Henderson, Alice Corbin. Japanese Poetry. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, Nov., '15.

Hervey, John L. Apropos Poetical "Patterns." *Reedy's Mirror*, Jan. 21.

Emily Dickinson. *Reedy's Mirror*, Oct. 1, '15.

Of Poetic Finality. *Reedy's Mirror*, June 16.

Of the Source of a River (Spoon River Anthology). *Reedy's Mirror*, Feb. 4.

Some Further Remarks About Bryant. *Dial*, Dec. 9, '15.

The "Distinction" of Longfellow. *Dial*, Jan. 20.

Holloway, R. E. Whitman in New Orleans. *The Yale Review*.

Hunt, Richard. The New Poetry — and Miss Lowell. *National Magazine*, Sept.

Johns, Orrick. In Defence of the Imagists. *Reedy's Mirror*, Apr. 7.

Johnson, Martyn. The New Poetry. *The Trimmed Lamp*, Jan.

- Knish, Anne, and Morgan, Emanuel. The Spectric School of Poetry. *Reedy's Mirror*, June 23.
- Lamb, Louis Albert. Mr. Braithwaite's 1915 Anthology. *Reedy's Mirror*, Jan. 7.
- Poetics, then Prayers (Amy Lowell's "Six French Poets"). *Reedy's Mirror*, Dec. 31, '15.
- Lippman, Walter. Miss Lowell and Things. *The New Republic*, Mar. 18.
- Lowell, Amy. Carl Sandburg. *Poetry Review of America*, July.
- "Prizes and Anthologies" Again. *Poetry Journal*, Jan.
- The New Manner in Modern Poetry. *The New Republic*, Mar. 4.
- Two Imagist Poets. *Poetry Review of America*, June.
- Lowes, John Livingston. An Unacknowledged Imagist. *The Nation*, Feb. 24.
- M. T. S. Voltairine De Cleyre. *Reedy's Mirror*, Nov. 12, '15.
- Mann, Dorothea Laurance. Mr. Braithwaite and a National Poetry. *The Bellman*, Jan. 23.
- Marks, Jeannette. Contemporary Poetry in the Class Room. *Poetry Review of America*, June.
- Marolf, Louis C. The Imperishable Elements of Poetry. *Dial*, Sept. 16, '15.
- Mason, James F. Emile Faguet. *Dial*, Aug. 15.
- Matthews, Brander. "Hamlet" with Hamlet Left Out. *The Yale Review*.
- Uncollected Poems of H. C. Bunner. *The Bookman*, July.
- War Songs. *Everybody's Magazine*, July.
- McCoy, Samuel. "Contemporary Verse." *Poetry Review of America*, Aug.
- McGill, Anna B. Madison Cawein. *Sewanee Review*, Dec., '15.
- McNicoll, Thomas Stewart. Raleigh or Shakespeare. *Reedy's Mirror*, Dec. 17, '15.
- Michelson, Max. Arensberg and the New Reality. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, July.
- Miller, Alice Duer. White Magic (Walter de la Mare's "The Listeners") *The New Republic*, Apr. 15.
- Monahan, Michael. Our Best Loved Poet (James Whitcomb Riley). *The Phoenix*, Dec., '15.
- Monroe, Harriet. Chicago Granite. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, May.

- Christmas and the Poets. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, Dec., '15.
- Down East. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, May.
- Shakespeare. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, Apr.
- The Death of Stephen Phillips. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, Feb.
- The Poetry of George Sterling. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, Mar.
- Moore, Charles Leonard. The Lyric Lord. *Dial*, Nov. 11, '15.
- Morgan, Appleton. Shakespeare — His Third Centennial. *Catholic World*, Apr.
- Moses, Montrose J. John Masefield. *The Bellman*, Feb.
- Nicholson, Meredith. James Whitcomb Riley. *Atlantic Monthly*, Sept.
- Noguchi, Yone. W. B. Yeats. *The Bookman*, June.
- Shakespeare in Japan. *The Nation*, July 27.
- Northrup, Clark S. The Growth of Tennyson's Reputation ("The Life and Times of Tennyson, 1809-1850," T. R. Lounsbury). *Dial*, Apr. 27.
- Noyes, Alfred. Henley — Last of the Buccaneers. *The Bookman*, June.
- Oppenheim, James. Democracy in Verse and Art. *New York Times*, Jan.
- O Sheel, Shaemas. Where Great Vision Is. *The Forum*, Jan.
- Parker, Clifford S. Professor Longfellow. *Colonnade*, May.
- Pasvolsky, Leo. The Poet-Prince of Russia. *Harper's Weekly*, Dec. 18, '15.
- Phelps, William Lyon. Some Imagist Poets. *Poetry Review of America*. July.
- Pierce, Frederick E. Bacon Against Shakespeare. *The Yale Review*, Oct.
- Porter, Charlotte. Hamlet as Shakespeare Staged It. *Drama*, Dec., '15.
- Porterfield, A. W. A Plea for Lyric Music. *Mid-West*, May.
- Postelle, Catherine. Giacomo Leopardi. *Reedy's Mirror*, May 5.
- Pound, Louise. New World Ballads. *Mid-West*, May.
- Price, Warwick J. Cowper's "Task." *Sewanee Review*, June.

- Reyher, Ferdinand. The Humor of Keats. *The New Republic*, Oct. 30, '15.
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